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JOURNAL CONTAINING THE HISTORY AND

TRAVELS OF CHARLES CADDY -- V.III

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Miscellaneous Productions, Consisting Of Essays, Sermons, Reviews, Lectures, Poetry, &c.

By

Charles Caddy,

Minister of the Methodist Protestant Church.

"This I write, give attendance to Reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." 1 Timothy, 4th Chap. 13th v.

"Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." 1 Tim. 4, 16.

"For we dwell in hot sultry places in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

1 Cor. 13. 9 & 10.

"God is Love." March 22, 1855.

1855.

Charles Caddo, Sen.

Introduction.

The experience of contemporaries, one of our Seniors in years may justly be regarded as a medium through which we may receive instructive lessons. One of the aspects of certain ministers and others towards the close of life is that they had neglected to commit to writing the convictions of their earlier years — depending upon the continued power of memory — supposing that they would be able to retain through life the best thoughts of those youthful days and those which were awakened under the influence of a fervent inspiration. We do not allude to this fact because we have the temerity to suppose that any thing in this Volume will be of extraordinary merit or worth to refer to the fact because it is true. Neither is it the intention of the Author to write in this Volume any thing that he may have written for publication, or that he may have prepared to promote the ever varying interests of life — but it is the design to preserve in this permanent form some of the plain productions of the Author as unworthy as they may be for the benefit of that Number or those Members of his family who may take a sufficient interest in the work to look over it when the hand that now writes is silent in the grave. It is to be hoped also that a sufficient variety will be found in the Volume to render it to some extent interesting to the reader. Some of the Articles have been published, and others unpublished which will be duly indicated in connexion with the respective Subjects.

The word "Miscellany" constituting the Title of the Book was considered by the Author expressive of the true character of the work. It is the desire of the writer to be useful while living — and when silence reigns around the more active form he may still be permitted to minister to a few beloved ones left behind.

Near Sacina, Clinton County, Ohio.
March 31, 1858.

Charles Caddy.

Reminiscences. A Poem.
Suggested by visiting the place where I was united in Matrimonial bonds with my beloved MARY. (Unpublished)

By Charles Caddy, M.C.

How strange! it seems but Yesterday, when o'er these hills, and dales with step elastic, and bounding heart, and hope bright as the evening star, awakening golden dreams of life's bright Sunny day.

Associations fain gives a charm to these majestic hills (read)

These rocks projecting out from abrupt Cliffs - these vales - and meadows green awaken olden memories.

This little Village (P.) upon which I look touches the trembling chord within the chamber of the heart -

For 'twas here where first I saw the sparkling eye beaming with love and Grecian contour of that beloved one I have long since called My own.

'Twas here I learned to love that Angel form - and Soul out speaking through those brilliant eyes - the solace of my life - who with affection's silken charm so often healed my withering heart.

But O! How changed!! Days, and weeks and Months, and Years here rolled away since first these golden dreams like fairy Visions danced around my Youthful heart.

The Pallor (X) of my angel wife has closed his eyes in deaths long sleep.

The aged Mother lingers still upon these Malatshores - waiting with faith and hope, and love to hear the Saviour say in silvery tones - "Come! thou good and faithful servant enter in."

Oh Mother! may the saviour be thy staff and
Strength in life's dark day; and when the shade
of death's dark angel falls upon thy sainted form
May heaven's balmy air descend upon thy soul,
And angels from above bear thee to the throne.
Loved ones were those who stood as pillars in the temple of our God. Some of them sleep serenely
in the silence of the grave. —
Some of them still remain, — and with trembling hand point
the weary pilgrim to the traveller's rest.

(5) One I knew in years gone by,
and with whom I just now read God's Holy word, and
prayed — standing on the brink of jordan's stormy wave.
In fathoms he sat with noble
brow — and eye serenely bright — and heavenly countenance
He spoke of Jesus and of Heaven.
Faith inspires my soul to say, that when the trumpet
sounds — and angels come — and Jesus comes — the
Preacher will be found among the countless hosts.
Benjamin! if we meet one more on
earth, may we be so happy as to meet in Heaven.

(D) Another one I knew from Erin's
Isle, and bet in Scotia bred. Tho' small in stature bet
he stood with heaving eye imbued by Christian faith —
and heart o'erflowing with the warmest love.
He was my friend — well versed in books — and
delighted in the healing art.
The classic grounds of Scotland he had trod —
And in the Halls of Science — listened to the
Eloquence of Dick, whose life's star
heightened out to bless the world with words of
light and love.
Cotemporaneous too with Pollock — England's
Christian bard whose life in years was short
But in heavenly wisdom old and full of
days.
But my friend of whom I spoke
is gone.

Suddenly — as when a Cloud Glides o'er the
Silver Moon, and hides its mellow light —
The lamp of life went out.
Whose sightless orbs are closed —
What tongue — whose tones so eloquently fell
like music on the ear —
— is Cold, and silent now —
The grave has hid my friend — the friend of man
from mortal View.
The lonely Widow weeps, the Children mourn,
Oh! may they trust in God,
Where friends who loved on earth
Will love in Heaven.

May 24, 1855.

(P.) Olive a Village in Noble County, Ohio.
(X) Hebron Dyer Senr. who died Dec. 2. 1853 in the 56th Year of his
(●) Rev. Benjamin Blake a Baptist Minister who had been
preaching in the neighborhood of his residence about 30 years
(On Duck creek, Noble County, Ohio).
(P.) David McGarry M.D. late a resident of Noble County, Ohio.

Come gentle Spring. (Unpublished)
By C. Caddy M.C.

1. Come gentle Spring
And with thee bring
The breath of coming pleasure;
Come drive away
The frozen sway
That would bind the brook forever.

2. Now will see the little lily,
With liquid frozen in the cup
Now send a light and warming ray
To drink the dew drop up.

3. Come gentle spring

And with thee bring
Thy love - let winter pass,
And smile away
The frozen spray
That sparkles on the grass.

4. You will see the little blue bell
In its purple brightness o'er the glen,
One sparkle from a frosty drop
Would snap its little stem.

5. Come gentle spring,
And with thee bring
Thy warm and gentle breath
Come kiss the tulips,
Warm the flowers
And stock the reign of death.

6. Then lovely vernal visitor
Creeping softly o'er the ground
Thy breath has warmed the flowers
Fond we them all around.

March 22? 1854.

Poetry, Written for a Lady's album
(Unpublished)

By C. Caddy. M.C.

1. A line in thy album
So hastily penned
Will scarcely repay
The request of a friend.

2. Yet I cannot forbear
To drop thee a line
Be it ever so humble
As verses like mine.

3. May thy life be as spotless
As almond tree flowers,
Or the rose perfume
That bloom in these bowers.

4. For the poor and the friendless,
May thy tears ever fall
And the hand of compassion
Be extended to all.

5. When the dreams of thy girlhood
Have passed away
May You and Your loved one
Enjoy life's happy day.

6. And when the dim shadow
Shall pass o'er thy form
May angels conduct thee
Beyond the reach of the storm.

7. And when safely arrived
On the golden paved shore
May You with the Redeemer
Reign, Forevermore.

March, 1854.

Friendship. A poem, dedicated to My Son Ancel Bassett Caddy. (Unpublished)

By C. Caddy M.C.

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1. May friendship's wreath adorn thy heart
And flattering forms cabal
And may You fail for others woes,
And in this grace excel.

2. Fear not the frowns of lofty ones
Nor scorning lip despise

For they who truly love the poor
Alone are truly wise.

3. Love God with all thy heart and soul
Before his footstool fall
When friendship's charm will grace thy life
Thy love extend to all.

4. And when the storms of life are past
And clouds of darkness die
Along the verge of death's cold wave
And friends around thee sigh.

5. May friendship's golden chain be thrown
Around thy tender heart
May Jesus bless the earth thy love
And from thee never depart

March 18 1854.

A Poem.

School Boy Days. Written for, and dedicate to
My Son Robert Caddy.
By C. Caddy, M.C. (Unpublished)

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1. Where are pleasures on earth in life's sunny hours
That sparkle and glitter like dew on the flowers
Like the vertical rays of the sun on the sea
In its silver-white smoothness unruffled and free.

2. Even so with the heart in those moments of bliss
When the roses of spring meet the brow with a kiss
No shadows of darkness on life's pathway are thrown
But glances of silver light only are shown.

3. The days of my boyhood so happy and free
Surrounded by friends of my heart in their glee
The lessons of life in school were all learn

And Knowledge laid up in Memory's urn.

4. We branches we learn are too tedious to mention
We read, and we write, and have a gift at invention
We handle the slate, work on the black board
Exercise our powers, and expect a reward.

5. In Geographical Knowledge we are not behind
For this is the theme that lives deepe to the mind
We wander o'er hills, and Mountains, and capes
Away to Africa's land - abounding in Apes.

6. We trip over Islandic seas and through dells
And where the Christian Philosophin is getting shells
And to the great Himilaya's of earth renowned fame
And the fiery Mountain with its column of flame

7. If we treasure up Knowledge, we may look for reward
For Science is greater than canon or sword
The bright star is before us - let us countenance honor
For Lord Bacon once said "That Knowledge is power"

8. With these glowing prospects we may expect to be great
And fill some worthy office in Church or in State
On learnings bright summit let us take our station
The highest place we may fill in the gift of the nation

9. And now let me say before I depart
My friends about Charleston (P[illegible]) are dear to my heart
I wish to be courteous and obedient to rule
I love equal rights with my fellows at school

10. Our advantages here are nearly as great
As in any Town in the county, or state
A Mac adamized road running right through it
And a very good railroad running parallel with it.

11. We have grocers, and Merchants, and Doctors, and Priests

The last as You know are always the best
We here sayder preaching on the Sabbath of rest
And You can hear a Good Sermon from the Rev. West (X)

12. Good now let me say to the scholars in Town
Your faces here on a light mirror have been thrown (P)
When the image shall fade that is made by the light
May Your Virtues, and graces remain ever bright.

13. Having written 12 verses in preference to prose
I will finish this verse and then I will close
May teachers and Scholars and Visitors too
Enjoy the sunlight of heaven I now bid You adieu

March 21, 1854.

(P) Robert my Son was living with us at Charleston, Clark County, O. and attending School there.
(X) The Rev. Mr West had Charge of the M. E. Church in Charleston
(P) The Teacher had a Superintendent's Supervision taken of his school at that time.

Some of these Poems are recorded here more on account of their local allusions, than any thing else. C. C.

Do Do?

A Lecture (Unpublished.)

To promote Sabbath School interests, delivered at the School house in District No. 5, near Bigley's Corners in Clinton County Ohio, July 1, 1855. by

C. Caddy.

A distinguished philosopher among the ancients had so much faith in the principles of his philosophy that he had occasion to say that if he only had a place outside of the world on which to place his fulcrum he could lift the world, and had it been possible for the philosopher to have accomplished so great an achievement as that — lifting

Jas. "Yes sir"

At this point the Senior Brother gently tapped the weathers of his horse with his riding switch and left the Junior to his musings.

Now we do not say that this Sen Brother was not a Godly man but the preceding colloquy illustrates the truth that even good men may be so far under the influence of Sectarianism as to think that "no good thing can come out of Nazareth"

We rejoice in the belief that this spirit which is so detrimental to true Christianity is less prevalent than in former years.

June, 25, 1862. C. Caddy.

The following Scribblings by the way were written for in their Volume after my return for the State of Tennessee for the remains of my dear friend C. Caddy.

C. Caddy.

Scribblings by the way. No. 1.

Paducah — A Secession Landlord — Secession Hymns &c. &c.

Dear Brown: In our rambles through life we occasionally meet with incidents and are enabled to glean certain fact which are both interesting and useful. I propose by your permission to present to your readers a few things which came under my own observation while on my recent visit to the State of Tennessee.

Some of these facts are significant and expressive.

After some preliminary arrangements at home and in Cincinnati I obtained a passage on board the Steamer Tycoon and went directly to Paducah Ky. This is, or was I should judge, a Town of about 2,500 inhabitants. Many of the citizens had left, but were beginning to return.

This Town of course is under martial law, and is also with Federal soldiery, and to use the slang of the day, is strictly secesh.

All the churches, with one or two exceptions, were converted into hospitals, and I soon learned that I could obtain lodgings at only one place, and that was the noted seceesh hotel, the St. Francis, near the river at 8 per day.

I ascended the sepulchral stairway leading to the main room, and behind the counter stands the landlord. He is over six feet high, slender in form, small head, with a meagre supply of hair, but neatly turned to one side, and small, glittering eyes, rather deeply set, peering out inquiringly, as though competent to analyze character generally, and that of his customers in particular, like and cat-like in motion; and then a long tuft of thin beard protruding from the point of the chin at an angle of forty-five degrees — made up the physique of mine host, and the peculiar he, he, at every attempt to laugh, I could not help but notice.

"Who is that tall, darkly, heavy man, gaily attired, with a military cap profusely adorned with gold lace, with a cigar in his mouth walking so straight that he leans a little" was my enquiry of a by-stander. "What" said he, "is a prisoner of war, and was a surgeon in the confederate army. He is boarding here, and the Federal officers have placed him in charge of the sick Confederate prisoners in the hospitals at this place."

It is not an uncommon thing here to see groups of secessionists sneering over sentiments in Northern papers, but the Federal officers are vigilant, and find it convenient to pass accidentally by such groups, and woe be to the man who is thinking too loud upon the subject of rebellion; but the sight of the eagles or silver leaf soon checks the secession flame, and then those time servers declare they are as good union men as any one else, and even threaten to whip the man who would presume to charge them with being disunionists. I once heard a preacher say that he wanted no better evidence that a man was telling a lie than for him to propose to swear to it. An intelligent Welshman, a merchant in this place, said to me that he dreaded the time to come when the Federal troops were to be withdrawn from this City, he said these troubles would then just

begin, and he assured me that persons were in danger of assassination then by venturing outside of the Federal lines. We will not find it difficult to believe this when we remember that recently a band of six hundred disunionists held midnight meetings in that city and had measures concocted for delivering the city into rebel hands. The plot was discovered, the military increased, and Federal canon were turned toward the city.

I remained a day & half in this place, and handed over to mine host a state bank of Ohio bill. He looked at it curiously for a moment, and then with a long drawn undertone uttered the single word "Ohio." I thought I could hear a mental appendix to this word, but "I will nothing extenuate" and leave him to his musings.

C. C.

Pencillings by the Way.—No. 2.

Guerilla Bands—Smithland—Cumberland River—Poisoned Bullets—Fort Donelson.

Paducah, the city named in a previous number, is at the mouth of the Tennessee river and is about fifty miles above Cairo, and about twelve miles below Smithland. Smithland is at the mouth of the Cumberland river. It is somewhat perilous in navigating these rivers during the present war times.

Shortly before we arrived at Paducah, five men were shot in a Steamer while ascending the Tennessee River, by a Guerilla band on shore. The country along these rivers is infested with bands of desperadoes, who make it their business to murder loyal citizens whenever they have an opportunity.

I ascended the Ohio River to Smithland. This is a small town, numbering about 300 inhabitants, and was once a place of

considerable trade and importance, but of late years has been decidedly on the wane.

This town, like Paducah, and western Kentucky generally was disloyal, until several conclusive arguments were planted on breastworks thrown up on the hill in rear of the town, and a regiment of cavalry encamped here by, convinced the rebel inhabitants that silence, at least if not loyalty, would henceforth be the dictate of wisdom.

From this place I ascended the Cumberland River on board the Steamer Sunny Side to Fort Donelson, a distance of 90 miles. The country along this river was covered with water for miles, but is handsomely wooded, with clearings and farm houses at rare intervals only. Our cabin was nearly filled with Federal officers on their way to Nashville.

On the morning of the day we reached Fort Donelson, a German, intelligent, German connoisseur came out upon the Guards and addressed me familiarly by name.

He became acquainted with me in Cincinnati seven years ago, and knew me at a glance. He had been at the battle ground at Fort Donelson, and had gathered up various relics — among others several poisoned bullets which had been used by the rebel foe.

These bullets were conical, and the cavity in the large end being partly filled with poison, then a wooden plug fitted to fill up the remaining part of the cavity leaving the base end of the bullet perfectly smooth.

I was assured by my German friend that the substance in these bullets had been carefully analyzed in Cin.ti and revealed the fact that it was a deadly poison.

We soon came in sight of the Fort, which is about a mile below the Town of Dover, and is located in a sharp bend of the river. Our Steamer tied up at the water battery.

We have had many newspaper descriptions of this Fort and its environs, so we deem it unnecessary to attempt a description of it further than to say that the passengers generally being desirous of passing over the fort we landed, ascended an abrupt cliff at the water's edge several feet in height, the Young German at my side, with Sketch book and pencil in hand, and with a quick German eye detecting every object of interest as we passed, and making a rapid record to send to beloved ones in his own Fatherland.

After ascending the cliff, we came to a battery of 12 guns, one of which was a hundred and twenty eight pounder, which had been thrown from the breastworks, and laying in silent majesty with about 50 cannon balls by its side.

The inside of the earthen breastworks is elevated about five feet above the surface of the earth, and held to its place with sacks of earth or sand about the size and texture of coffee sacks.

Inside the wall the earth was much blackened by working the guns during the battle. On our right there was another battery of four guns, and at the rear of these there were other breastworks upon which heavy guns had been mounted for the special benefit of our Gun boats. Inside the Fort there were several villages of log cabins. The principle one has wide, streets, but alleys not more than 6 feet wide. We learn that at the time of the surrender there were at least 1000 log cabins, and as many tents, inside the intrenchments.

C. C.

Pencillings by the Way.— No. 3.

Dover— Col. Faulk — Contraband — Cincinnati Enquirer — Inferences — An Acknowledgment.

—100—

We made a rapid transit across these immense works, crossed the ravine on the south side of the Fort, and passed into Dover, and was introduced by my German freind to Col. P. B. Faulk, commander of this post.

We found him an agreable gentleman, promptly furnishing every needful appliance to enter upon the purpose of my said mission.

This gentleman has a sharp look out for the contraband. The evening before we left he and his adjutant were canvassing the matter of sending out the next day a dozen teams for seventy barrels of flour confiscated near Dover, and wheat for seventy barrels more was confiscated at the same time, and the miller held responsible for the whole until taken away.

Passing along the streets of Dover every thing gave evidence of the devastation of war. In ordinary times Dover must have had a population of 200 inhabitants; now, but four families had returned to their homes.

Stores, Shops, Court House, Church Dwellings, all, are more or less dilapidated— Doors open contently gone, window sash and glass broken, and every fence except that around the commander's office, and one extra, and every rail from the farms for miles around Dover, have disappeared.

After having ben here 24 hours, and accomplished the object of my said mission— the recovery of the remains of my dear dec. — I took leave on a Steamer for Cin.

While on my way up the Ohio river,

several Ladies, residents of Louisville, were conversing together in the Ladies' cabin upon the subject of the rebellion, when one of the Ladies wondered why it was that rebels in Louisville, and in that part of Kentucky, patronized the Cincinnati Enquirer. The fact was notorious, but the Question was, "Why is it so?" and we will here say that the loyal people of this state enquire, "Why is it so."

From what I have witnessed, I draw the following inferences:

1. There is a fixed uncompromising determination, by rebels in the north and South to break down this Government if the thing can possibly be done.

2. You can place no confidence in the word of a rebel, north or South, and when he says Yes, it is highly probable he means no, and vice-versa.

3. We infer from what we have seen that if our Government is destroyed, it will be done by the rebel element in the free states.

We believe that our Government will subdue the rebellion in the south, for an open enemy we can meet, but a secret enemy, lurking among us, is an incurable plague spot. Rebel journals and rebel sympathizers among us, who are indebted to the free institutions of our country for the homes & farms they enjoy — these constitute the moral leprosy that now threatens the life of our country — these are the canker worms gnawing at the very vitals of American liberty. Such enemies should be dealt with promptly as the law directs.

I here acknowledge my Gratitude to God for the painful pleasure of success in my

Sad mission. I also acknowledge my obligations to Bro. White and King, of Cincinnati, and the people of those Charges, for the substantial assistance rendered me; and the active assistance of Br. J. G. Evans is not forgotten.

"Honour to whom honour is due".

C. Caddy.

A national hymn. Unpublished.

By

Charles Caddy, Jun.

1. Hail! festal day of hope,
With smiles of welcome come.
I love thee still,
Offspring of noble sires
Awake your golden lyres
And Kindle freedom's fires
Our country's free.

2. This day shall ever be
Our Anniversary
Till time shall end
Here where our warriors led
The noble sons who bled
And the heroic dead
Is hallowed ground.

3. Let no vile traitor stain
Or blot our future fame
Forevermore.
The stars and stripes shall wave
O'er every fallen brave
Who died our land to save
From rebel hands.

The following written for my Daughter, Julia A. Caddy.
Nov. 1862.
(unpublished)

The Thunder Storm.

The God of nature has furnished a variety of scenery for the various demands of humanity. It is very easy to discover beauties in those objects of interest which recommend themselves directly to the common sense of mankind — But the mind of greater compass & power will detect beauties in those scenes, which to others would be repulsive and inspire only terror.

A mind of this cast while looking away from this globe of ours and directing his vision to the clear blue sky, with the sun shining in his strength, is awakened to a sense of the sublimity and glory of the divine perfections.

And with no less interest will he watch the little cloud as it arises in the distant sky, and its gradually expanding proportions, until the vast arch becomes darkened with the coming storm — and now he looks at the vivid flash through the darkened cloud, and his ear catches the sound of the distant thunder, and the low moaning of the storm wind increases in volume until the rain drops fall, succeeded by torrents of the watery element — falling upon hill top and valley — Mountain and Plain orchards and fields filling the heart of the husbandman with joy and gladness at the bountious provision of him "who filleth all in all."

C. Caddy Sen.

The following Acrostic composed, and written for Miss Rachel Ann Knaut — is the first effort at this kind of composition I ever made, and though not of much value, I write it in my Miscellany.

Charles Caddy, Jun.

April, 14th 1864,

Acrostic,

By, C. Caddy, Jun.

Remember, dear freind,
All the world cannot send
Contentment, that will endure,
Happy are they,
Ending life's golden day,
Like eternal through christ made secure.

And may you by the golden shrine
Never forget his love divine.

Now come to the alter
Kneel low at his feet
Remember the pledge you have given.
Oh! if you refuse
Unstring the my muse
Try Rachel, and meet me in heaven.

April 20th 1864.

The following I wrote for the album of Clipper Lady, Amanda Wilson, a young Lady who is now teacher, our District School.

Acrostic.

By C. Caddy, Jun'r.

Refinement of heart, and of intellect too
Unsought by the masses, but a treasure to you
The dreamer may wonder, with half opened eyes
How you have succeeded, in winning the prize

Alas! there are many, of terrestrial birth
Moving onward through life, without knowing its worth
And when the dim shadow, falls o'er the frail form
Never thinking at all, for what end they were born,

Depend my dear friend on the faithful and true
And the volume of love, he has given to you,
With nature before thee, you may learn evermore
In this beautiful volume, of immortal love.

Love the altar of prayer, and the mercy seat
Sit close to his bosom, lie low at his feet
Oh! may the angel, the seraph of love
Never leave, but direct, you to heaven above.

April, 1864.

In the last line, instead of dinect read escort. C. C.

A Poem,
Dedicated to my Daughter Mary, Jane, Caddy
Sherrod, by
C. Caddy, Sen'r

---

1. The days of Your childhood
Have passed like a dream
We cannot recall them — No never
Like shadows that dance
On the dim lighted wall
They are gone and those moments
We cannot recall
Their light is now vanished forever.

2. It seems like a vision
Of beauty, and love
Those early days joyous and free
When around the rude alter
Your young head was bowed
The spirit within, undimed by a cloud
With the children
Dear Mother and me.

3. The days of Your prattle
And infantile song
They will live in our memory forever
The roses may fade
And the evergreen die
The beauties of earth
Depart with a sigh
But we cannot forget thee — no never.

4. The days of Your Girlhood
Passed Quickly away
They have passed from Your vision forever
Your life has been wedded
To one that You love
May it ever continue

Until united above
Where you will not be parted — no more.

5. The cares and the trials
Of domestic life
Are many and varied, I know
The little ones come
To the alter of love
Learn lessons of him
Who came from above
To redeem, and save us from woe.

6. Sometimes you rejoice
And then you are sad
When you think of the losses sustained
Two Brothers like jewells
Were once with us here
Whose remembered affection
Gilds the page with a tear
Dear Daughter, I/ meet them in heaven.

7. May William and you
And the little ones too
Your Father and Mother likewise
The children at home
And those that are gone
May we all meet together
Near heavens bright throne
Where all tears will be wiped from our eyes.

April, 27. 1864.

Dedication of an Album, For Miss Zipporah M. Woods, by

C. Caddy, Jan 5

On this white, unsullied page
Pure enough for Saint or Sage
I now write this Dedication
Without further explanation.
And when finished, You may wonder
How I linked my thoughts together
In this rapid, rummy measure,
But the sequel will explain
When You see the authors name
When the Poem I have dated
And this Album dedicated.
Now my Sister dear
This Book I dedicate to You,
You will preserve it as a treasure
Not for its prose or simple measure
But for its Love— which cannot die
Which Gold, or Silver cannot buy.
Heart voices speak within this Book
You see their names when'er You look
Affection glowing like the sun
Warm on the page of this Album.
And when this Album You look o'er
And see a score of names or more
Affection warm on every page
Impressed by Youth, or honored age
May this Poem comfort ever be
That many others think of thee.
And when they're gone to distant parts
You are enshrined within their hearts.
For we may fall the Tyrants sword
It will not break affections chord
Love immortal cannot die
It will blossom up on high.

I dedicate this Book with pleasure
The best I can — in running measure
And when you are dispased to read
Remember 'twas a friend indeed
Who in his humble avocation
Wrote for you this Dedication.
Sister — in this world of sniffing
Be thou faithful — then when dying
Thou will freely be forgiven
And with loved ones meet in heaven.

May 20. 1864.

An Acrostic on the name of Zipporah Maria Woods, by

C. Caddy, Jun.

Zealous, warm hearted, and true,
In life, are treasures to you,
Practice these virtues of old,
Prefer them to silver or gold,
Oh, may this tri-jewelled wreath
Repose on thy bosom
And blossom within
Her heart whose praises I sing.
May this gem be forever bright,
And glow like an angel of light,
Repose on thy saviour
In him you may trust
And the rosette of beauty, be planted within
Will sparkle, & glow, unclouded by sin.
Oh! may your motto ever be
Onward — up the golden stair
Drop not this jewell from thy heart
Saints could not — but Jesus planted there.

May 20, 1864,

A Tribute to the memory of Hon. Daniel, Mc Kinnon, Esq.

Affectionately

Dedicated

to Miss Mary, Ann, Mc Kinnon,

By,

C. Caddy, M. C.

1. When earthly ties are broken
Golden links that bind us here
Affection yields a token
In the silence of a tear.

2. A gem of priceless value
Shaded in the home of love
Leaving traces of its beauty
In its path to heaven above.

3. A widow sad and lonely
With her treasure now must part
She weeps, because a jewell
Has been taken from her heart.

4. Many years have passed away
Since the nuptial rite was said
These years have glided by — and now
One is numbered with the dead

5. I remember well his manly form
And the smile he used to wear
The flashing eye spoke volumes
Beneath a crown of silver hair.

6. He knew the blest Redeemer
Had died that he might live
Therefore was always ready
With heart and hand to give.

7. Columbia's soil was precious,
He honored all her laws
He loved the sons and daughters
Who espoused his country's cause.

8. The white and ample forehead
Beneath the silver hair
Is quiet now— He rests with God
We hope to meet him there.

9. Oh, may the aged Matron
And the pledges of his love
Live near the shrine of Jesus
And unite with him above.

June, 28. 1864,

Oh, above Poem first Poem published in Oh. Methodist Republican C. C.

Acrostic,
On the name of
ELVIRA VANLORA LILLIBRIDGE SMITH.
By,
C. Caddy, Jun. M. C.

Ever faithful, muse address
Let the Poets adore him
Virtue's glory, I will sing
In my Poem I will bring
Richest jewells I can find
All to beautify the mind.
Virtue is a crown of glory
And in deed, or Woman story
Never was it hid deeper
Costliest jewell of the heart—
Let my Poem this declare
Virtue, than a Stella's fame
A jewell richly to wear.

Little do we know of life
In this world of sorrow
Little else than mutual strife
Lives here – but on the morrow
In twilight's beauty peace will dawn
Brighter than the golden sun,
Rich with gem like lustre shine
Imprinted with the seal divine
Dear Sister may your heart & hand
Ever be the honored, legal band,
Ever live to bless the sons
Suffering for their kindred ones,
May your Spirits deepest tone
In life the sweetest blessing prove
Then when life shall fade away
Heaven will smile your tears away,

July, 16, 1864.

The following was written on the evening of July 19, 1864, it being my 51st Birth day.

By C. Cosby, Jun.

Our Birth days come, like other days
Few heed their precious worth
Why worthy of the Lord's day
A God fearing as the morning's ray
Each marks their natural birth.

They come and go
Few scarcely know
The day commenced in
Of sorrow & pain
In life's brief race

Crowned with virtue or with sin.

They come like shadows
Or dancing sunlight on the wave
They lure us to the Heaven above
We cast another in the grave.

In Youths bright day
They pass away
And run as swiftly as they can
Oh! I'll reach the Years
Of Womanhood
& soon I'll be a woman.

And But when Young
The days are long
Weeks pass seem slow & slate.
The weeks seem months
The months seem Years
These last seem like an age.

Spring has fulfilled away
With its silvery ray
And Summer is dancing along
In the pathway of life
With its labor and strife
When beauties are vanished & Gone

See! Autumn's golden tresses
And Winters frozen rod
May the winter Key direct us
To our Mother and our God.

In Memorium.

Lieu. Colo. D. Plum.

"Should I fall, I am not afraid to die." Extract from a letter to his Mother.

A Lachrymatory inscribed to his bereaved Parents & Bro. & Sis. Plum.

By

C. Caddy, Ch. P.

When the clamor of battle
Was heard in the breeze
And treason led in the van
"I will go" said the brave
And contribute my all
My country to save,
And if on the field
This frail form must lie
Remember dear Mother
"I fear not to die."

I have heard the deep curse
Having cost from the heart
Of the enemy in our midst
Our measures are just
To the traitor who trails
Our flag in the dust
If I fall in the fight
Then be without a sigh
And remember dear Mother
"I fear not to die".

My comrades in battle
Unflinchingly stand
By the flag as it floats in the breeze
In defence of their rights
No foe shall dishonor
Its stars and its stripes.

"Then advance in the battle
With hearts beating high
Each heart full of hope
"And fearing to die"

Come! Come! to the rescue
Our homes are at stake
Our Altars, and true Leonard Laws
By brave officers led
We will fight with the foe
Until treason is dead.
And the fortunes of battle
With our flag waving high
Should we fall in the struggle
"We fear not to die"

Aug 4th 1864,

A Poem,

Written for Comet Lodge No, 344, and read to the members at a regular meeting, A vote of thanks was given and also a vote requested to its publication which last request has not yet been complied with,

By

C. Caddy, M. P.

Brethren of the mystic order
Heart and hand we're met together
While some oppose & stand aloof
We live in Friendship, Love, & Truth.
While some the links of love disown
We all are pledged to love each other
Our Noble Friend, is in his station
On this eve of Installation.
Supporters, two, are in their place
Each in his sphere with modest grace

by this time made several steps toward the pulpit, and at the close of the sermon found himself looking at the preacher, and the people looking at him. Embarrassed, he returned to his seat.

While on his way from the church, his friend asked him his opinion of the preacher. "Great man" was the reply. "You will probably go and hear him again?" "O, no" replied the great statesman "he can make the people believe in any thing he pleases."

Published in Ill.
R. March 28. 1874.

The paper containing the third and last of the above verses was loaned in my absence & never returned — hence missing here. C. C.

A hastily written acrostic for Miss Mary E. Kent.

M-ay with its beautiful blossoms
A-nd sweet scented odors are here
R-evealing their Paradise beauty
Y-our form, and rosette of the year.

E-nom this season of birds and of song
K-nowledge pure and in letters of gold
E-stamped on thy spirit within
N-o Jesus now rest — You are safe in his fold.

"Haste time You may come" said the Saviour of men
T-rust Him my Sister — He is ever a friend.

C. Caddy Sen.

May 11. 1874.

A Poem written and read at the celebration of the 61st birth day of J. S. McKinnon August 19th 1875. By C. Caddy Son.

1. The days of early childhood
Have quickly passed away
The sunny scenes of early years
Amid life's golden day

2. Are gone! and now we firmly stand
Upon life's frettid shore
We see the rocky way and reefs
We never saw before.

3. The years now past have borne away
Young manhood in its prime
Its traces are like footprints
Upon the sands of time.

4. We look along the wake of life
Amid the vernal bowers
The broken shrines along the way
Of bright and sunny hours—

5. But we cannot now recall them
They are forever fled
Our only hope is Jesus
By Him we may be led.

6. This stern decisive day is ours
And this is ours alone
We may improve the fleeting day
And for the past atone.

7. We have a wise Creator
Both glorious and great
Ever ready to assist us
In this brief and transient state.

8. And a self-sufficient Saviour
Who came to save the lost
This Glorious work He finished
By dying on the cross.

9. And then we have the Comforter
Whom Jesus deigned to send
This Blessed one is with us still
Even to the end.

10. With all these glorious agencies
What more could we desire
They lift us from Earth's sordid plain
And then will lift us higher.

11. I recognize before me
A select family band
To greet each other kindly
With affections heart and hand.

12. The Birth Day of the eldest born
The parents earliest son
Who this day remember
Is exactly sixty one.

13. Three brothers and a sister
Are present here to day
And each one lingers on the path
Along life's thorny way.

14. These with their loved companions
May linger side by side
A few more years on earth, and find
A home beyond the tide.

(over)

15. Re-Unions are expressive
of affections purest love
And though they end upon the earth
Will be permanent above.

(Written Oct. 22, 1875.)

Christian Character — Death
Of an Old Reformer.

By C. Caddy Sen. (P.)

As paradoxical as it may seem, it is a truism, that the life of man is two-fold, — external and internal.

The former is known and read of all men; the latter, in its fullness, is known only to the soul and God. The history of an external life may be printed in a book, and called biography; but who can write the history of the thought and affection of any human being? The external life may fail to represent the internal, and when this is the case, the condition is called hypocrasy. When the external life presents to the eye of the world all the beautiful graces of a Christian, and when this expression is an out-growth from the inner life of experience, it may be set down that here is true Christian character. There are many of this type. While it is admitted that the outer and inner life may contradict each other, and in other instances the two-fold life may be in perfect harmony, presenting to the world a striking portraiture of perversity; there are other instances in which the beautiful gems of christian virtue shine out with rays of living lustre in perfect harmony with an inner life of purity and love. We have our ideals. James M'Ginnis, a Reformer of 1829, who recently passed

distinction of all in connexion with these sermons, is the evangelical element that pervades them. They are not abstract essays on moral questions, with the central figure left out, replete with the calm cold rhetoric of the schools, falling upon the soul with freezing beauty, and as coldly as the descent of a moon-beam to the earth in the dead of winter; but they are all alive with the spirit of true evangelism. Every essential statement is sustained by pertinent and well chosen proof texts, which is a valuable distinction of book baptised with the logic of inspiration, and adorned with the rhetoric of prophet and apostle cannot easily die. Those who would know more of this well-bound book and its evangelical contents, would do well to peruse its pages, and they will then see whether the writer of this notice has over-weighted the picture, or been faithful to the truth.

The above published in a number of the Watch. December in the Year 1875. C. C.

Representative Men.

Zachariah Mayan, D. D.

By C. Caddy.

In our estimate of men and things we institute comparisons. Great and small are relative terms. The globe on which we live is small when compared with Jupiter and Saturn and other planets in the sidereal heavens, and yet it is great when compared with one of the states of our union. The mole hill and the mountain, the lake and the Atlantic, the cedar of Lebanon and the hyssop on the wall, are quite different in their relative proportions. These and similar comparisons

may be maintained without any disparagement of the one, or undue exaltation of the other.

From material things to the domain of intellect and character there is an easy transition. In these connexions we have had representative men who have stood prominently up before the world like mile-stones upon the highway of ages, making an impression upon humanity as the years go by which will endure forever. While it is true that rocks are common and diamonds scarce, the beautiful form flashing in the sun-light has no disposition to exalt itself above the rude rock which has found its way into the building of God. Let the one maintain its position, as essential to the completeness of the structure, and the other shine out upon turret and steeple and glow with a grandeur upon the corridors within, making the grand outline and its furnishings an attraction to angels and men.

There are images of beauty, sharply outlined, lingering in the memory of even the casual observer of men and events, which become a part of our being; and surely it cannot be wrong to unclose the avenue leading to the sacred seclusion and let these images float out from the silent chamber that others may see the beauty of their proportions and the grandeur of their unity. This is my apology.

In addition to various excellencies of character Zachariah Chafin stood prominently up before the world as the representative of a distinction which lies at the foundation of true manhood viz:

Uncompromising Integrity to Principle.

Practical illustrations of this distinction in its minor details are not wanting, which, though simple in themselves, point as unerringly as the needle to the pole, to the beautiful gem of moral greatness which lies within. Those who were present at an Annual Conference in Coshocton, Ohio, many years ago, can not easily forget the reproof Dr. Hazen was required to give, by virtue of his office, to three young ministers who were arraigned before that body for official delinquency. The honor of the Conference was fully maintained, and the beautiful blending of affectionate address, with the enforcement of the principle of moral obligation rendered it a reproof not easily forgotten by the delinquents, and at the same time leaving the impression that love was the heaven permeating the ~~x~~ reproof and giving efficiency to its severest words. There are ministers, distinguished by gifts and grace, who through fear or favor refuse to stand in the breach, and Judiciously decide a brethren against the tide of popular influence; a weakness that may be forgiven but nevertheless a weakness. Not so with the well balanced and true spirited Hazen. Illustration: A young man of inexperience and diffident temperament, but of some culture thoughtful and studious withal, was once his colleague in the ministry. A thoughtless member said to him: "Yours colleague cannot preach, and ought to be sent home;" the reply came: "He who says my colleague cannot preach, speaks falsely for I have heard him." The next time the young minister preached in that place, he had impressed in the estimation of the complainer, brother.

Dr. Hazen was a reformer from principle in the days that tried men, and from this

principle he never departed. He was a man of intense convictions, and fearless in their presentation, and judicious in the selection of the time and manner of presenting his thoughts. This gave him a power over the more sectary, or denominational enthusiast. A young minister on a circuit once requested him to deliver a lecture on church government in a town where he was to hold a presidential meeting. When the time came his quick discernment saw that a Gospel sermon was the best thing at that time. He could intuitively discern the fitness of things. He once said to the writer, that in his early history among the reformers, he lectured a good deal upon church government, that he could do it better than to preach or pray; he now saw the importance of keeping the Gospel of Christ in the foreground, and that every other interest should be subordinate to this, not that he loved the principle of Republicanism or Methodism any the less, but that he loved the Gospel of Christ more, by more than mediterranean depth, well rounded contour, compass and strength, with fullness of love and an expression in which was beautifully blended affection and firmness, he stood forth in physical outline, a type of the more beautiful spirit that reigned within. The grand outline of his spiritual being was a compact embodiment of elevated principle, baptized with the spirit, ever noble and true. To say that he was faultless would be more than can be said of humanity. But to say that he was unwaveringly true to those lofty principles which angels and men admire, few who knew him will deny. Whether as a preacher upon a circuit, pres-

ident of a conference, editor of a journal, or soldier in the field, he stood forth a model of uncompromising integrity to principle which he maintained to the last.

A sense of loneliness came over him as his peers in the battle of life passed away, and though the shadows had passed over the names of many of the illustrious dead who stood in the front of the battle in the incipiency of Republican Methodism, he cherished their memory with tender affection, and when later in life, the tramp's staff was broken and the beautiful sod he looked forward to the home gathering beyond the river with expectation and hope, and unexpectedly, to us all, he glided away from our vision to be with Bascom whom he loved so well and Stockton whose sweet spirit he admired.

We will cherish thy memory, beloved brother, and so direct our steps in the onward way that we too may say in life's latest hour "It is all right."

We alone published in the Herald Recorder of July 1, 1870, and copied here Nov. 12, 1878. C. C.

Representative Men

Rev. David Moore.

By C. Caddy.

We have no hesitancy in using the term representative in connexion with the beautiful character and well rounded life of the departed minister who has recently exchanged the cross for the crown. Such a life demands

something more than a passing notice, or a brief obituary; not on account of the departed one, who never desired it in life or death; but for the sake of the living, who may profit by his example.

David Moore experienced the birth day of life, September 12, 1816, and from incipient manhood he walked with Jesus in the way, conversing as familiarly with his loving Lord as a man talketh with his friend.

He entered the Ohio Conference Meth. Prot. Church as a probationer at Cincinnati in 1836 — more than forty years ago, and his first appointment was as assistant to T. B. Lucas, on what was then called Springfield and Sidney Circuit, and so he travelled in the onward way, as an itinerant, through toil, trial and ultimate suffering, until on the 18th of September 1876, in his quiet chamber in Logan County, Ohio, not far from De-Graff, in the presence of his children and a loving companion with the New Testament by his side, he exchanged the scenery of earth, with its toils & its triumphs, for a kingdom and a crown.

When the suspension of ecclesiastical relations between the Northern and Southern Conferences occured, in 1858, he was found in the Northern division, and in its communion he died. *

His active itinerant labors, in the early years of his ministry, were perhaps, not more abundant, than his services, in later life, as supernumerary assistant in the charge on which he lived, and during the brief years of his superannuation his preaching was a power and so was his presence

wherever he went. Few men of the past generation have done more to mould the mind and manners of the people in the country where he lived, and for miles around, than David Moore.

The children lisp his name and the seniors dwell upon his virtues with profound respect.

He was a true friend to learning, and was very anxious that the Adrian Institute should be a success. Among the last acts of his waning life, when scarcely able to walk, was an effort to obtain means to assist an interesting youth to finish his education in that school of the prophets. Young man remember. In a technical sense he was not educated, and yet he stood upon a higher plane than the mere man of letters.

He passed through the curriculum of Christian theology, and received his diploma from the hand of the deity, all flashing with inner fires, and stood prominently up like a shaft of moral beauty, and went forth as a prophet and a peer among the theologues of God.

Was his manner in the pulpit simple and yet dignified? It was because he felt the importance of his position as an ambassador of Christ.

Was his voice as tender in its tones as the voice of a woman? It was the outflowing of a soul all alive with love, and the tenderest sympathies. Did his face glow and his eyes sparkle under the influence of a present inspiration? No wonder, for he stood among that class of men who represent the primitive preachers, and also the power of the church in the past, and in the present age, as we can plainly see. Those of us

who have stood by his side have lost a dear brother whom we tenderly loved. of leading minister and writer, who has watched the progress of Republican Methodism from its incipient life to the present, and to whom I am indebted for some of the data in this sketch, says in a note to me: "I am pained to learn by your letter of the death of Brother D. Moore ..... I feel lonesome when ever I look over our old Conference list. The dropping out of Brother Moore's name leaves a vacuum ..... The loss sustained by his children, and especially his widow, we cannot know: but God is with her in her silent sorrow. ..... Dear old brother, as your wandering over the prairies of the northwestern home, you may have the presence of a ministering angel, whose form you cannot see, and though you may not clasp the hand and receive the warm greeting of a fraternity in Christ as you so much desired, a happier greeting is in reserve for you. If link has been broken from the chain of Christian affinity on earth, but we rejoice in the belief that it has found a place in the celestial chain, whose links are all of gold."

X. There were two inaccuracies in the recent obituary of Brother Moore, one of which has been corrected. He was a member of the Ohio Conference, Methodist Church, instead of the Pittsburgh Conference.

The article above was published in the "Meth. Recorder" Jan. 27th 1877. — In the first number of the new heading and type appeared.

C. C.

at the close of a speech made by Mr Chid-
low, said, — "Did you look into that deep
Welsh eye of his? I tell you that the half
that is in him has not come out." No in-
deed! — such men are always giving out words
that burn, and yet are always full.

Mr Childlow is perfect-
ly at home among children, and his easy
conversational style wins their confidence, and
secures the attention of the little ones.
His words do
not fall (to use one of his own figures) "like
a snow flake upon the rock of winter",
but like the April shower upon the thir-
sty earth, finding its way to the deeper
fibres of the springing grass. Mr C. is a
preacher by the way-side. I was once
joined in ~~a~~ companionship with him
through the streets of our city, to see
with what ease he could diseard a half
minutes conversation with a boy of ten
years in store or street upon the sub-
ject of morals or religion, and all as
though it just happened so. Go on, good
warfarer! The world will never be able
to estimate the value of such men as
Paxson and Childlow.

Obituary.

Elizabeth Grime — Albert Grime.

Elizabeth Grime departed this life July 28th
1865 in the 20th year of her age. We had no personal
acquaintance with this young lady, but doubtless
the star of hope shone with its wonted lustre before

her giving promise of golden days of happiness in the future — an expectation naturally indulged, but very frequently disappointed.

"The brightest things below the skies
Give but a flattering light."

Life, with the most of us, is a tissue of disappointed hope — a beautiful ideality, fringed with roses of every hue; but liable to break in our hands by a breath, and leave us in the shadow of the coming death-angel, by whom the silver cord is broken, and the spirit set free.

The 20th Summer was just deepening into autumn when amid the annual gathering of the harvest sheaves the meek and quiet spirit of Elizabeth looked out and away from the frail casket — leaving loved ones upon the shore of time to weep.

We learn that Elizabeth was an uncomplaining sufferer, and that she died as calmly as when an infant sinks to slumber upon its mother's bosom. She slept under the eye of him who doeth all things well.

Albert Prim —

The soldier boy, brother of Elizabeth, passed away from earth in the 24th year of his age. His country called him away from the quietude of private life to the storm and strife of the battle field. He cheerfully obeyed the summons and volunteered in the service in 1861 for one year and was identified with the 6th O. V. I. While connected with this Regiment he participated in the battle of Cross Keys, and was at the surrender of Harpers Ferry. Having served his term, he was honorably discharged, and in 1863 volunteered again, and was connected with the 9th O. V. I. and was, subsequently, transfered to the 51st Ohio

4th army corps — army of the Cumberland.
It will be remembered that detachments from various Regiments were ordered to go to Texas, and it fell to the lot of this young man to accompany these troops to that distant field.

While there, disease, ever on the alert, marked him as a victim, and while in a feeble condition, he received an honorable discharge, and was soon on his way to home and friends: but lo! upon the very threshold of home, the death angel stood, ready to dispute the passage, with the imperative menace "thus far shalt thou come, and no further."

There stands the inflexible enemy within the gates of Camp Chase, waiting, and looking for his prey — he holds in his hand, a final discharge — signed and sealed — I look! it is death's own seal by Providence permitted. I see in the distance the soldier coming, pale and wan, with tottering step, yet hopeful of the future — he reaches the capital of his state — he comes within the camp; but scarcely has he fallen upon the soldier's bunk, way-worn and weary, he receives without reluctance the final parchment, and goes out upon his untried journey to that world where the strife of battle and the storm of war will be heard no more. Sleep! soldier sleep! We will honor thy memory; and the tear of affection will fall upon thy tomb.

(For an Album.)

For Mrs. Cynthia J. Humphreys.

This Autograph Album
You prize very high
It will be precious to you
Until the time that You die.

The names of the loved ones
Inscribed in this Book
Are present to Memory
Whenever You look.

When time and its trials
And our Years are all told
May we reach the bright city,
Where streets are of Gold.

C. Caddy Sen.

May 8. 1877.

P. P. Bliss.

By C. Caddy, Sen.

The cycles of time unceasingly roll
And wave upon wave hastens on to the goal
So the transit of Life wherever we be
Moves us rapidly onward on Life's fretted sea.

The bounds of our Life are hidden from view
We know not the years, whether many or few
We know not the time when the fast-failing breath
Will sleep in its course, by the angel of death.

We know not the envoy commissioned to go
To break the frail Link that confines us below
Whether rude or familiar, we fully believe
T'will be peaceful and calm, as a bright summer eve.

There are forms and bright faces we never forget
They are pencelled and pictured, and daringly set
In the hearts inner tablet, forever our own -
Till we reach the grand hights of heaven our home.

Quite well I remember a beautiful form
As grand and majestic as ever was born
In the fullness of manhood, he stood in his prime
With Love on his Lips — he seemed almost divine.

With meekness and grace he stood with the throng
Acknowledged as one of the masters of song
His numbers ring out, and onward they roll
Touching the tenderest chords of the soul.

How strange that a touch of the death-angels rod
Should mar the strong form in the image of God
The musical harp-string was broken so soon
Death came in the grandeur and glory of noon.

How strange that the messenger stood in the way
Between his Loved home and friends far away
How strange that the summons should unbidden come
And say to him stop, Life's Labor is done.

The twilight had passed, the snow drifting amain
Whirled, wildly around the ill-fated train
In a moment the angel with fiery breath
Threw o'er the sad scene, the mantle of death.

Tho' rudely removed, you went with your bride
Who may now be permitted to stand by your side.
A brief stay on earth then 'passed under the rod'
And now you may sing with the angels of God.

Farewell sainted one, we will meet the at last
When Life and its Labors are all over past
Where sorrows n'er come, and tears never fall
"And that will be glory enough for us all."

May 12. 1877.

The poem on this page
was printed in the "Meth. Recorder"
for May 1877.
C. C.

(Written July 17. 1872.)

Lines written for a monument.

Here lies
ALL that was mortal
of
LEWIS WOODRUFF
Died
Dec. 187 — Aged years.

His Life was Known to God
His earthly record Lingers here
For years endured affliction's rod
Then gently borne to Heaven's sphere.

The following article bearing the name of my dear Wife, was published in the "Yadkin Recorder" of Sep. 29, 1877.

C. Caddy Sen.

Recollections of a Minister's Wife.

By Mary A. Caddy.

Memories of the past linger with us as we travel down life's waning sunset, while current events make comparatively a feeble impression upon us.

May not this be one of the evidences of our immortality? We have no conception of the separate existence of the soul apart from the organ through which it manifests its power, and yet to be true to our conviction, we must believe that in some mysterious way, it is capable of such separate existence. In the present life, the ministries of the body are essential, the brain is the instrument of the mind.

In early, and especially, in matured life, this organ being in its vigor, performs its ministry better, and hence the knowledge received in these days of strength are retained with tenacity, and become an eternal possession of the soul. I do not propose to exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. I simply desire to say, that I was sensibly impressed by the editorial in The Recorder entitled, "Upon Familiar Ground," which brought vividly to mind the days gone by.

As the wife of an itinerant minister, with our family, we have wandered from place to place for nearly 40 years, and now, our last removal is in the near future, I dictate these lines with no spirit of complaint: but with hope that a bright future will soon dawn.

We removed to our first parsonage thirty-nine years ago, while it was in an unfinished state — a log house without door or chimney, and the struggles of those early years, none

but God can know; and yet they were happy years, for like Marion of Revolutionary fame, we were working with others of our young Church, for a principle.

There were no "bowers of bloom then, for the lovers of ease and repose;" ease, was the exception; toil and sacrafice the rule. And now do you ask if we regret the sacrafices made? I answer, no: but rather rejoice that we were accounted worthy, to toil and sacrafice for Jesus' sake. Would that we could have done more for the rich Kingdom of Jesus.

We have learned that it is unwise to fix the affections too ardently upon any earthly object, however dear to the heart. We did think that in life's declining day we might lean upon sons who were well fitted by nature and culture, to sympathise with, and comfort those who gave them birth; but when their country called, they obeyed the summons, and went out in her defense, and were sacrafieed upon liberty's altar, and occasional reminiscences come to us yet, which are too painful to indulge. And now, though often sorrowful, still we rejoice.

Later in life, two beautiful beings, like rays of light from the throne, shed a rich halo upon our humble home; and it seems but yesterday since we heard our dear Eva say, "I am going to sleep now," and five years later we heard our happy Rena Bell say, "Come and see this beautiful light." Our brother, Dr. Scott, will remember this dear one, so full of happiness and hope.

These precious rays of beauty had a golden setting. Oh! how many bright stars of earthly origen have been transplanted in the bowers of Paradise. The tender plants, too frail to bloom on earth, that were torn away from your family band, my brother, have been shining and blowing in the sunlight of God's love, during all the dim years of the past.

Will we know our dear ones there? Oh! yes! and clasp them in our arms of affection by and by. There are dark spots on earth; but the light of hope covers them all with a mantle of golden glory. Let us sing our sorrows all away, and look through the darkness, to the light beyond.

The following Sketches were prepared by the undersigned for a work entitled:— "Bibliography of Methodist Authors."

C. Caddy, Sen. Dec. 22, 1879.

First Sketch.

Rev. William Bradley Evans.

Rev. William B. Evans; a distinguished minister of the Meth. Protestant Church was born in Lancaster County, Pa, March 18th 1794. His father, John Evans, was an Irishman by birth, and a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and his son William served for a time in the war of 1812, and after his return from the service, he was brought under the influence of saving grace, and was impressed with the duty of calling sinners to repentance. With little preparation, as was the case with many of the early Methodist ministers; but with a soul all aglow with love for his race, and a mind of remarkable sagacity, and superior judgment of men, and almost an intuitive learner, he went forth, and for

more than a half century, was a successful minister of Christ.

He was an early advocate of the principles of ecclesiastical reform in the Meth. Epis. Church. He was a delegate to the General Convention of Reformers held in Baltimore in Nov. 1828. By this Convention he was authorized to organize churches under the Conventional Articles. He also took an active part in organizing the first Annual Conference of the new denomination for the West, at Cincinnati, Oct. 15, 1829.

Soon after this he wrote and published a work of forty five pages, entitled "A Brief view of the Government of the Meth. Epis. Church" set forth in Question & Answer. This work was issued at the Meth. Prot. Book Concern in Baltimore, Md, and was intended to show in colloquial form the prominent points of difference in the Governments of the old and new church. Written in this popular style it found its way to thousands of the people, and it is safe to say that one hundred thousand copies of this work were scattered abroad, and proved a wonderful agency of influence in favor of the new Church.

After having occupied the most prominent positions in the church, he attended an Annual Conference not long before his death in a very feeble condition. He sat upon the platform, and desired

to speak, and supported by a brother minister, he said - 'My strength is gone - my sight is gone - my hearing is gone, all is gone', and then, after a brief pause, he added, with thrilling effect - 'No! not all gone, Jesus is with me, and that is the reason I am so happy.' He died near Richwood, Ohio, March 10th 1873, at the age of nearly seventy-nine years.

Second Sketch

Rev. George Brown, D.D.

Brown George, D.D. an eminent prelate of the Meth. Prot. Church, was born in West Penn., Jan. 29th 1792. Previous to his birth, his parents, Hugh and Ruth Brown had settled in Brook County, Va. on the bank of the Ohio River opposite the middle of of Brown's Island; but in consequence of Indian depredations they were compelled to flee before the incursions of the wild men of the woods. During the interim of absence, Young Brown was born. The family soon returned to the cabin home on the bank of the river, and here the early days of the future Churchman were spent. His parents were members of the first Meth. society in the state of Maryland, formed by R. Strawbridge an Irish local preacher. He attended school from 1797 to 1800 and made good progress in the branches

then taught. The perilous adventures of our subject would fill a volume of interesting memorials.

In 1800 his parents removed to Jefferson Co: Ohio, and when in his 17th year he went to West Virginia to improve his education, and for two years was under the tuition of Hugh Laird, a man of extensive attainments, and a competent and successful teacher. This only awakened in his mind a thirst for greater attainments: but soon after his return home his services were sought as a teacher, in which employment he was engaged when the war with Great Brittain came on. (1812)

He became a soldier under Gen. Harrison, in which he endured great hardships and suffering, during the campaign of 1812-13. His parents were christians, and set a godly example before him: but he had the misfortune to loose his father in his 19th year, who was drowned while attempting to cross the Ohio River on horse-back. His noble father left to his children a "bright example of every christian virtue." In 1813, when in his 21st year, he was happily converted to God at a Camp-meeting near Baltimore, Md, and united with the Meth. Epis. Church, under the ministry of Rev. Wm. Ryland, then in charge of the Baltimore stations. Soon he was called to exhort and preach. He now gave all his energies to mental improvement, and in addition to the Bible, and the higher branches of English learning, he studies the most profound works upon mental and moral science. On the 1st of Jan. 1815 he commenced his itinerant career, as a supply on Anna Arundel circuit, in the Maryland Con. In the following year he was sent by Rev. Enoch George, P. E. to fill a vacancy on

Prince Georges Circuit. In March 1816 at the con, in Georgetown, D.C. he was received into the travelling connexion, and continued in the ministry of the Meth. Epis. Church, occupying various positions of prominence and trust until the reform movement in 1828 which resulted in the formation of the Meth. Prot. Church.

He became fully identified with the new enterprise, and by oral lectures and able papers upon ecclesiastical polity, he contributed largely to the prosperity of the new Church. In his polemical writings, he was an earnest but honorable disputant, making great pecuniary sacrafices for the success of cherished principles. Dr. Brown was a student to the end of life. As years came on he loved to grapple with the most profound problems in theological, mental and moral philosophy. He obtained a sufficient knowledge of the ancient languages to preclude imposition by the mere pretender to classical learning. From 1855 to 56 he served as President of Madison College, Pa, an institution then under the control of the Meth. Prot. Church.

In 1860 he was elected editor of the Western Meth. Prot. In 1862 he wrote and published "Recollections of Itinerant Life", a work of 456 pages, printed at the Publishing House of R. W. Carroll & Co; Cin, Ohio. This work contains autobiographical sketches of Itinerant life, and many able papers upon the reform controversy.

This book contains an appendix of 40 pages, presenting reasons for the formation of the new Church. This Vol. unlike many others of its class, will be valuable for all time, on account of the moral philosophy interspersed through it. It abounds with incidents, as well as history and data, and the moral phasis of every incident is faithfully developed and applied in a manner that

cannot fail to impress the mind of the reader. This work with a portrait of the author has had a wide denominational circulation. In 1870 he wrote and published the "Lady Preacher." This book of about 500 pages was issued at the Publishing House of Daughaday & Becker, Phil. Penn. The subject of this work was Mrs. Hanna Reeves, wife of the eminent Dr. Wm. Reeves, who came to this country at an early day, and by her simple eloquence, expository ability, and intense earnestness drew vast audiences to her ministry.

The "Lady Preacher" is a strong book, critically written, and as in the former case, the moral element, like a pearl-white shaft peers up amid the numerous gems in the form of fact and incident which cluster around its base.

During Dr. Braun's editorial life he published three separate sermons in pamphlet form, printed at the Publishing House (Meth. Prot.) in Springfield: Ohio. The 1st was on "The Atonement," the 2d "Centenary Sermon," and the 3d a discourse read at a Ministerial Association, containing his views and arguments on "Future Punishment." The reader of the first cannot fail to see that he was an Arminian of the Wesleyan type, and the reader of the 2d will find along its pages beautiful groups of historical gems flashing up from the ten decades of Meth. History, and the reader of the 3d will see that if he was living now he would stand by the side of Joseph Cook in maintaining the view that to be happy here, or hereafter, men must be at peace with God, and with his own environment — that all the attributes of the soul, mental and moral must be in harmony with each other, and with God. Dr. Braun was a large man with a large brain, and a magnificent facial outline, and of far more than ordinary pulpit power. Not long before his death he delivered a memorial sermon on the death of Rev. Wm. Reeves D. D. an effort from which he never fully recovered. At his home in Springfield Ohio

Oct. 25th 1871, his sun of life went down. Among his last utterances were - "I have unshaken confidence in God: I know whom I have believed". His remains repose in Fern Cliff cemetery, where a marble shaft marks his resting place.

Third Sketch.

Rev. David Trueman.

Trueman, David, Rev. a minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, was born of respectable parents, in Chester County, Penn., Aug. 30th 1812. His parents removed to the state of Ohio when he was quite young, and in his 23d year he became a Christian, and united with the Meth. Epis. Church.

He served in various official relations, and ultimately became a travelling preacher, and served in the Pittsburgh Con. as an itinerant for a number of years. During our late civil war, he served as chaplain in the army, and at the close of the war, he withdrew from the Meth. Epis. and united with the Meth. Protestant Church. In 1868 he was received into the Muskingum Con. of the latter church, and has served several charges with marked ability.

He is at present, pastor of Wellsville Station (Ohio), where he has been for several years. In 1847 he wrote and published a neat volume of 200 pages, entitled Cottage Poems. In 1848 he wrote and published a work with the title - Bible Essay or, or Six reasons why Infidels should become Christians.

These works were from the pres of E. Harris and co. Mount Pleasant, Ohio. In 1850 he wrote a sermon bearing the

title- *Adapting Love*, for a volume of *Original Sermons*, which was published by W. Hunter, Pittsburgh, Penn for the benefit of Meadville College, Pa: In addition to these publications, he delivered several addresses, and orations, which were printed in pamphlet form, and published by the several parties for whom they were delivered - Viz: -

1. *Address to the Sons of Temperance*, delivered at a mass meeting in Cambridge, Ohio, 1848.

2. *Oration on the Life, Character, and Death of John Q. Adams*, at Cambridge, Ohio, 1848, from the Cambridge press.

3. *Humanity without the Bible*, delivered and published in Coshocton, Ohio, 1850

4. *Oration - Odd Fellowship*, delivered in Wheeling: West-Virginia, 1852.

5. *Oration - Why do we Deck the Soldiers' Graves* delivered in Coshocton, Ohio, 1870.

Mr. Trueman is a prolific writer, having contributed many articles to the *Ladies' Repository*, and other standard magazines and periodicals, and is a strong contributor at the present time to the columns of the *Meth. Recorder*, a prominent organ of the Meth. Prot. Church

He was a ministerial delegate to the General Conference of the Meth. Prot. Church, held in Princeton Ill. in 1875 He was a member of the Union Convention, and General Conference in Baltimore, Md. in 1877 - at which time the Meth. Prot. and Meth. Churches were united, and in their consolidated form, bearing the former name, Mr. Trueman is spoken of by the press as an able logician, and eloquent preacher,

and successful in his ministry. He is of more than medium size, and of scholarly presence, reminding a stranger of the portraits of Washington Irving. In his mind the poetic element is largely present, and his productions of this class are distinguished by strong sentiment, and sympathy. A vein of sadness, the result of sympathy intensified, runs occasionally through his verse, giving a refined beauty to the numbers of his song.

Whether upon the rostrum, or in the pulpit, he would make the impression that he was master of the situation.

Feb. 16. 1880.

Fourth Sketch.

Clark Alexander, D. D., a minister of the Meth. Epis. Church, was born in Jefferson County, Ohio, March 10. 1834. He was a youth of active mind; and attended the common schools of his own Ohio hills, and tho' not favored with a scholastic education in the technical sense, he was under the tutelage of a father of Scotch Irish extraction, who was quite well versed in classical lore.

His Mother was a Scotch lady, wielding a religious power that had a moulding influence upon her son. Alexander was an awkward boy: but the spirit of genius could be seen in his classical face, and his large, steady eye was a revelation of coming power. He worked upon his fathers farm, as well as studied in the "Old Log School House", and in the Studio of his learned father. At the age of 17 years he became a teacher, and continued

in this service six years, he now conceived the idea of a School Day Paper, and started the School Visitor, afterward the School Day Magazine, setting his own type, and working the editions in his own home, and delivering them to subscribers in a basket. This periodical continued for about twenty years, and became very popular, and had a large subscription, and was finally merged in the St. Nicholas of New York.

At the age of twenty seven (1861) Mr. Clark was ordained in the Meth. Prot. Church, and took pastoral charge at New Brighton, Pa. In 1863 he became associate pastor with Thomas H. Stockton, D.D., of the Church of the New Testament, Phila. Pa.

In 1864 he was called to the pastorate of Union Chapel, Independant Meth. Church Col. O. and in 1866 was appointed pastor of the 1st Meth. Prot. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa, which position he held four years.

In May 1870 he was elected editor of the official paper of the Church — viz. "The Meth. Recorder," and "Our Morning Guide," and originated the "Sunday School" and "Child's Record."

Mr. Clark received the honorary degree of A. M. from Mount Union College, Ohio, in 1864, and the same degree the following year from Otterbein University, Ohio. In 1875 he received the degree of D. D. from the Ohio Wesleyan University. While connected with the Church papers, he made two visits to California, remaining the second time three months, and by invitation supplying the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. In 1874, he attended the General Con. of the Meth. Epis. Church at Louisville, Ky., and was received as fraternal messenger. In 1876 he attended as fraternal delegate, the Meth. E. Church at Baltimore. In the same capacity, and

X on a hand press.

same year, he visited, as official deputation, the various British Conferences in England, being cordially received by all. He extended his foreign trip to Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France.

Mr. Clark was a voluminous writer. He wrote and published the following books. The Old Log School House, in 1861. - Issued by Leary, Getz & Co; Phil.a

This book contained a portraiture of primitive teaching in its native state, and is closely connected with his personal experience. (In 1867) School Day Dialogues - a collection of original Dialogues, Colloquies, Tableaux, etc. Designed for School exhibitions - J. W. Daughaday & Co. Philadelphia: Pa,

Gospel in the Trees - an interesting volume, combining much natural history, with an appropriate application of the peculiarities of the trees of the Bible to moral and religious principles.

Work Day Christianity, or the Gospel in the Trades, with an Introductory note by Wm. Cullen Bryant. This book is an ingenious and fascinating application of the peculiarities of the trades of the Bible to religious principles, and christian experience. A leading manufacturer of Pittsburgh: Pa. ordered a large quantity for distribution among the operatives in his employ - issued by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phil.a Pa, in 1871.

Starling Dut, a story of the

Ohio hills — a volume of 219 pp. This book involves much of the early life of the author in his school day experience and presenting the various phases of juvenile life in the early times. — by Lippincott & Co. Phila. Pa, 1876.

Summer Rambles in Europe, which consists of pen sketches of his journey in Great Britain and other lands. — Nelson & Phillips — New York, 1879.

Memory's Tribute to Thomas H. Stockton, a memorial discourse, with interesting incidents in the later life of the distinguished Stockton, with an account of his last hours — Samuel R. Wells, New York, 1869.

Hymns — Ripples on the River or Floating Leaves of Song, with brief memoranda — J. B. Clark, Pittsburgh, Pa, 1876.

The following poems from his pen appeared in Clark's School Visitor, Phila. Pa,

When — (1861) Inscribed to C. J. Leland Editor of the Continental Monthly

Winter — (1863.)

The May Time — (1863.)

To A Comet, (1863.)

A hym- National Affliction, (1865.) and the following articles-

The Morning Cometh, (1859.)

Warning Cry- (1860.)

Red Sea Freedman- (1862.)

Our Lord's Interest in Little Children (1862.)

And sermons in pamphlet form- Viz:-

Sermon on the Death of President Lincoln, delivered in Union Chapel, Cin. O., (1865.) and subsequently published in a volume, Viz:- "Pulpit Memories of Lincoln."

Gospel Methodism, (1866.)

Memorial Sermon on the death of Cornelius Springer. 1875.

Mr. Clark fell a victim to overwork. In June 1879 he left his beautiful River side home, near Wellsville, Ohio, in feeble health to fulfil an engagement at the commencement of Yadkin College, N.C. Though extremely feeble, he reached the place, and delivered his address: but the effort completely prostrated him and he was compelled to take to his bed. In a few days he rallied sufficiently, to resume his journey, and turned his face homeward, reaching Atlanta, Ga. Here he sank again - he could go no farther,

and was persuaded to accept the hospitalities of Gov. Colquit, and was conveyed to the executive mansion. Here he lingered for several weeks, with his son Eddie, the only member of his family, by his side. Here in the midst of this Christian household, on the evening of the 6th of July, 1879, while the bells were ringing for Church, he waived his hand in the direction of the sound, and with a smile upon his countenance, passed gently away. His remains were brought home to his family, and now rest in Spring Hill cemetry, near the family home.

July 27. 1880.

Fifth Sketch.

Skinn Asa M. G. a minister of eminence in the Meth. Prot. Church was of Quaker origen, & born in New Jersey May 3. 1781.

When but seven years of age his parents removed to Virginia, and settled in one of the inland counties of the state. His early advantages were limited; but by personal application, and thorough study, he became a finished English scholar, a better one perhaps especially in the use of the Anglo-Saxon language, never stood in an American pulpit. He was converted in his seventeenth year under the ministry of Rev. Robert Manly, and soon after received licence to exhort, and then to preach, and in 1801, in

the twenty-first year of his age, he was admitted into the Baltimore Con. of the Meth. Epis. Church on trial and appointed to Red-Stone circuit. He continued his ministry in this church, with occasional interruptions until the years 1827-8 filling the most important positions in Eastern cities, and at one time a colleague of Rev. Robert R. Roberts, who was subsequently elevated to the episcopacy.

The interruptions referred to form a painful chapter in the life of this eminent man. When a youth, in passing some men, who were amusing themselves by pitching horse shoes, he was accidentally struck on the head by a cork of one of these shoes, which fractured the skull. Though medical skill was employed, and the patient apparently restored to health, yet in after years he was subject to several attacks of mental derangement, and it was the unanimous opinion of physicians, that the injury sustained in early life, in connexion with intense mental application, resulted in his subsequent mental condition.

Mr. Shinn was a preacher of far more than ordinary ability. In him, the logical element predominated, and it was next to an impossibility to resist the force of his logical conclusions. The eminent Thomas Jefferson, himself a master of logic, after having heard him preach in his palmy days, had occasion to say, that "Mr. Shinn could make the people believe any thing he pleased" It was not the cold logic of the mere schoolman in which he indulged; but there was a singular blending of spiritual pathos with his argumentative power that carried all hearts along with him. These distinctions mark in an eminent degree his

published writings. In 1813, he published a book of nearly 500 pages, entitled - An Essay on the Plan of Salvation. This work was severely criticised, and produced considerable excitement, especially in the Conference with which he was connected. It was thought that his great mind had carried him too far into the field of Biblical research, and that all his conclusions were not in perfect harmony with orthodox doctrines. The book is divided into five chapters, ranging from five to eleven sections under each division. The first chapter is occupied with a review of the Method established by the Creator through which Mankind are to distinguish Truth from Falsehood.

Under this division, after giving a general view of truth and evidence and of first principles, and the laws of evidence — the evidence of reasoning and of Revelation are most searchingly examined, and with a master hand, he shows the connexion of these sources of evidence, and their dependence upon each other. Then, in the development of his great theme, in subsequent chapters, he passes through the whole range of christian theology, leaving a marked impression upon the reader that he was an Armenian of the highest type, and a firm believer in the unity of the divine attributes, and in the scriptural doctrine that God is love.

It is said that Dr. Adam Clark, after having read this work, pronounced it Mr. Shinn, "The greatest reasoner in America". A second edition of this work, with several new sections was printed in Cincinnati, Ohio, by John H. Wood in 1831. In 1840 he wrote a work of 403 pages, "On the Benevolence and Rectitude of the Supreme Being." This was

published at Baltimore, Md, by the Book committee of the Meth. Prot. Church. The great principles outlined in the former work, are here more fully developed. The one may be called the bud, the other the full blown flower. This like the former was severely criticised by the orthodox press, to which the great author replied with all the vigor of his powerful pen.

Whatever may be the opinion of the reader of this book, he cannot fail to be impressed with the heavenly spirit of the writer, and that he was a firm believer in the goodness of God, and the unchangeable nature of his moral perfections, and that the result of human action rests entirely with man, and that the Divine Throne is relieved from all responsibility.

Mr. Shinn was a voluminous writer. Besides publishing in pamphlet form (1835) Statement of Circumstances and Finishing Stroke, now inaccessible, he wrote largely for the popular religious press, articles upon controversial and theological subjects.

In Jan, 1841 he wrote a short, but profound serial, upon the Rights and Obligations of Man as a Moral and responsible agent, published in a large Quarto Magazine at Phil.a Pa. conducted by Rev. T. H. Stockton D.D. In 1841 he wrote a series of twelve articles on The Beauties of Primitive Christianity, published in the same journal.

Mr. Shinn was perhaps a little below the medium hight, with a beautifully moulded head, a bright light-blue eye, dark hair, and a pale complexion, with a slight tinge of redness upon his cheeks even in advanced life.

He was twice married—first in 1806 to Miss Phebe Barnes of Monongalia County, Va: This lady died in 1820 leaving him with four children, all of whom have probably passed away. In 1825 he was again married to Mrs. Mary B. Gibson, of Pittsburgh, Pa: by whom he had one son, Thornton A. Skinn, now (1880) a prominent member of the Pittsburgh bar.

A recurrence of the affliction to which we have refered, rendered it necessary to remove him to an asylum at Brattleboro, Vermont. On the day of his death he ate a hearty dinner, and ascended the stairway to take his accustomed nap, and upon reaching the landing, he staggered a little, and said to the servant with a smile upon his countenance "If you please, you may assist me to my bed." It was done, and death ensued almost instantly, on the 11th of Feb. 1853, in the 72d year of his age. His remains brought to Allegheny City, Pa; where a funeral discourse was pronounced by his old friend Rev. J. Brown D.D. from II. Sam. III: 38: The remains were laid in Allegheny cemetery, where a marble stone bears the following inscription:

Rev. Asa Shinn

Born in New Jersey, May 3d 1781.

Died in Vermont Feb. 11th 1853.

"This Was A Man of God"

Acrostic.

Lyra Huber.

T-ime is a mysterious birth
I-t flies on rapid wing,
R-emember as the years glide by
Y-ou to the Saviour cling.

H-eaven beams from the soul
U-nderneath the bright dome
B-eyond the bright circle
E-ver up to the Throne
R-est at last with thy Lord
In the Heavenly Home.

C. Cadd, May 1881.

Acrostic.

Lottie D. Mc Kinnon.

L-ife is a vapor- a shadow- a dream
O-h how fitful it hurries along
T-ime's unerring arrow
T-he day sinks in shadow-
I-n its rapid commotion,
E-ver bearing us onward

D-own to death's fretted ocean.

M-orning light with its purple
K-eeps its vigils near by
I-n crimson and silver hue.
N-ever darkens the eye.
N-o, never a cloud
O-n the spirit will roll
N-ever will it annoy, the sweet peace of the soul.

C. Cadd, May 1881.

The following lines were written by the undersigned, and read in the Opera House in Ottowa: Putnam county, Ohio on the evening of the 2d. day of May 1881. it being the 50th. anniversary of the marriage of Col. M. C. and Eliza Ewing.

C. Caddy.

I.

In the worlds early dawn
The grand planets of old
Shed forth their bright beams
of purple and gold —
And the sheen of the angel
With fingers of light
Dispelled the dim shadows
of the worlds dreary night

II

At the voice of Jehovah
The clouds were unrolled,
And the grass crept silently
O'er the brown mold;
While the waters of ocean
Roll away at His nod,
Revealing the Greatness
And Glory of God.

III.

Jehovah has spoken
Life springs from the dust,
And the land and the waters
Are true to their trust
Life teeming from birth,
All nature they greet,
And yet the great world
Is still incomplete,

(over)

IV.

An intelligent mind
To rule over all,
The creatures that live
On this earthly ball —
So the Father in Heaven,
The lover of life,
Gave this beautiful world
A Husband and Wife.

V.

The lovers went forth,
'Mid bowers of bloom,
While the roses and lillies
Sent forth their perfume;
They were wedded by Him,
Their Father and Lord,
To live happily here,
Then receive their reward.

VI.

Now on this festal day we meet,
Our friends and neighbors here to greet,
I trust you will excuse my lay,
If I sing of this Golden Wedding day.

VII.

My broken lyre once more I bring,
And tune anew each fretted string;
Perhaps I may invoke the lay,
On this festal, Golden Wedding day.

VIII.

Here sits the Husband and the wife
Bound by silken cords for life;
This festal scene will well repay,
This happy Golden wedding day.

IX.

For fifty years you've lived together
In sunlight and in stormy weather;
And though your locks are turning grey,
You see this Golden Wedding day.

X.

Sunlight and shadow, you have seen,
And days of hope and fear between;
And tho' the years you cannot stay,
Enjoy this Golden Wedding day.

XI.

These sons and daughters, ever true,
Have yielded up their love to you:
The gleams of love, with brightened ray,
Shines forth, this Golden Wedding day.

XII.

And when approaching eve shall come,
And shadows blend with evening sun,
And purple twilight gathers o'er,
May you reach the Happy Golden shore.

C. Caddy.

May 1881.

The above Poem was printed in the Putnam County Sentinel, May 5. 1881. C. C.

Acrostic

Written for Miss Jennie Blocher.

J-ennie, I write in this beautiful Book
E-ver pure with its unsullied page
N-ever marred with a thought on which you may look
N-ever in Youth, or even old age.
I-n the heyday of Youth you are happy and free
E-ntranced with the rose and the flower
B-eware of the snares your eyes may not see
L-ook within and around the bright bower
O-h! what pleasure await you in life's sunny day
C-hoose the right— turn away, away from the wrong
H-old on, and cling fast to the cross of your Lord
E-ternity then will bring you reward
R-icher, and sweeter than seraphim song.

Lima: Ohio. June 20. 1881. C. Caddy.

In Memoriam — Jennie.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. John Blocher,
By C. Caddy.

I.

The twilight of purple,
Fore-runner of day,
With incense and beauty,
And bright golden ray,
Inviting the sunbeams
That linger behind
The Orient's shade,
The boundary line —
Morning.

II.

The swift rolling sphere
Moves onward apace;
A torrid sun glows,
Tires not in the race;
The waning day turns
It's face to the West,
Moving steadily onward,
Never seeking for rest —
Noon.

III.

The minutes fly swiftly,
The hours glide by,
The moaning winds chant
A song with a sigh;
The day has passed over,
And eve with its sheen;
How rapid the moments
That lag in between —
Evening.

IV.

These lessons are pictures
Portrayed on the wall
Of the most humble cottage,
And the chamber and hall.
We may learn if we will,
And we cannot too soon,
For the shadows may fall
Before 'tis high noon —
Prepare.

V.

Oh, well I remember
Amid the gay throng,
A maid, happy awhile singing
Her sweet summer song,
Her ripples of laughter
And innocent mirth,
She was one of the happiest
Creatures on earth —
Silent now.

VI.

A child of affliction,
Yet never repining
Strong faith in her Lord,
Faith ever abiding,
No heart could be sad
With a presence so bright;
She came to your dwelling
Like a ray of sunlight —
With the angels.

VII.

Farewell, beloved Jennie,
We will meet thee above;
May the dear Saviour send the
On missions of love.
The frail body was laid
In the grave with a sigh:
But the soul is with Jesus,
In a mansion on high.
At home.

year, the Unseen hand that sustains, and preserves the Universe, has preserved the members of our Conference from death, and given them a goodly degree of prosperity in their high and holy vocation, for which we feel sincerely thankful, and for which, with gratitude, and for which we present the following Thank offering to Our Heavenly Benefactor.—

Resolved:—

That we hereby tender to Our Heavenly Father an offering of Thanksgiving and Praise, For His tender mercy and Providential preservation of the lives of the Members of our Conference, during the past year, and for the success which has attended their ministry.

Sep. 6. 1892.

George Allen.

By C. Caddey.

As the Historian Hume, in the Brief life of himself, appended to his celebrated History, said that it was difficult for a man to speak long of himself, without vanity, so we may say, that it is difficult to speak of a brother beloved, whose boyhood life is interwoven with your own, without transcending the proper boundary, and of being swayed by the force of affection, to the inner chamber of intemperate eulogy — still it is not right to be silent.

George Allen,

was born at Newcastel upon Tyne, England, Feb. 2. 1814, and in early childhood, came

with his parents to the United States, and in 1823, the family settled permanently in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Before the birth of Methodist Protestantism, I remember sitting with George in the old Stone chapel on Fifth Street, Cin. listening to the impressive sermons of Rev. Truman Bishop, M.D. (I think Mr. Bishop was a medical graduate — he at least practised Medicine, in Philadelphia, for several years, is my recollections, and was also an honored minister.) George and I, had also the favor of hearing the blunt but solid sermons of John Price, and the systematic discourses of John P. Wright, and the wonderful, soul stirring messages of John A. Baughman, and others. Mr. Baughman was a young man about 25 years old, scarcely of medium height, symmetrical in form, and, as I see him now, walking along the streets of the city, with a book under his arm, speaking to nearly all the little boys and girls he met, and to the older folks as well, arrayed in a snuff colored frock coat, a white neckerchief, and a white fur hat, the inevitable insignia of a Methodist minister in those days.

He was called of God to the work of the ministry, and so, he left the tan-yard, as some of the Apostels did their nets, and was not disobedient to the heavenly call. There was culture in Cincinnati then, as much, probably, according to population, as now, and this wonderful man drew the learned, as well as the unlearned to his grand ministry. In the technical sense, he was not educated, and yet he was a student

in the University of nature, and amid its ample halls, he revelled among the golden ingots, and jewelled treasures that sparkled here and there, in this vast Emporium, where the matriculation fee was free, to all who were inclined to enter. Mr. Banghman was a lover of nature, of books, and of the peoples, and did not expect to receive his degree, until he stood among the theologues of God in the Grand commencement day.

No wonder that the great masses flocked to his ministry, to look upon his saintly face, all alive with emotion, and to listen to the lightning flashes of his spiritual eloquence, as it fell upon the ear, and filled the heart of the listening throng.

My dear departed George witnessed the scenes to which I have refered, and, no doubt, but the blessed ministry spoken of, contributed largely to the formation of his sterling religious character. this parents, and the parents of the writer of this article, entered the Meth. Prot. Church at the beginning, and George became a member in 1833, under the ministry of Rev. Wm. B. Evans.

He was a quiet youth, too much so, I used to think; but then, there was a vein of granite strength, running all through the fibres of his spiritual

being. Integrity, of a high type, in all the relations of life, I think, was the presiding genious in his nature. Though naturally reticent, when he spoke, his words were words of wisdom, and his judgment when formed, was generally correct. He was married to Mary J. Eggleston, a young lady of culture, eminently qualified, by nature, education and grace, to adorn the home circle, and by her affectionate presence, and critical care, she drew husband and children, near to her heart.

She, and her four children are bereaved now, and greatly feel their loss. The elevated character of the dear departed one, has been fully expressed, by the city papers, and indicated by the large attendence at the funeral in Grace Meth. Prot. Church. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. D. L. Reynolds, Rev. C. S. Evans, the preceding pastor, conducted the funeral services, which are said to have been very impressive. In the words of the Cin. Commercial Gazette, "the excellent choir of the Church, rendered with sweet effect the appropriate hymns — 'Why do we mourn departed friends' and 'Nearer my God to thee.' The floral decorations were

beautiful and expressive ..... The impressive Masonic burial Services closed the ceremonies over this good, and respected citizen."

"Farewell dear one. I trust that the dear widow & children, and all of us, who loved thee so well, will meet again, "Where no farewell tear is shed."

Note.

I am sorry I have not the precise date of his sudden death; but I think in the Year, or early in the Year of 1881.

C. C.

Joseph D. Elliott.

"And he died."

This is virtually the caption upon earth's tombstone for the world's epitaph. Death notices are valuable, only, so far as they make a permanent impression for good upon the living. Many, never read them at all, perhaps on the account of the monotinous phraseology, and overdrawn eulogies. A few relatives are interested, and the faith of a few Christians intensified. The out-line history of a brief life is soon told.

Joseph D. Elliott,—

Was born in Shelby County, Ohio, near Botkins

station, Oct. 29. 1839, and past away on the 3d instant, near the home of his birth, in his 46th year. His boyhood days were spent tilling the soils subsequently important trusts were committed to his hands, by merchantile men. Later on he was connected with two firms as a co-partner, and in all these relations, he was faithful and honorable. His surviving partner said, that during the 16 years of their association in business, their annual settlements were without the least friction.

On Nov. 13. 1869, he led to the bridal alter Miss. Jennie Baker, a lady, every way worthy, by her intelligence & beautiful life, to be the companion of our departed brother. As we pronounced the marriage blessing, little did we think of the sad scene of today. A few years ago, a little girl, closed her eyes in the last, beautiful sleep of childhood. A little son about 12 years old, more than usually intelligent, but frail as the flower that trembles on the hill-side remains, and we trust will live to be a comfort to his sorrowing mother.

These are mile-stones along the highway

of life; but who can fill up the interim between them? The inner beauty that lies between, with its delicate tints, and pencillings of light, are in the archives of heaven, and faithfully preserved in the sketch book of God, and, in due time will be revealed.

Joseph was a man of deeds, rather than of words, & was scrupulous, careful of the reputation of others. The day before his death, sitting upon the portico, he called his son to him, and taking him by the hand, said, "Charlie be a good boy, above all things, be obedient to your mother, and avoid bad company — I would like to stay with you; but it is God's will, that we be separated, but in a short time we will meet, where there will be no separation."

Noble words. At the rising of the sun on the following day, the spirit parted from the frail form. An appropriate discourse was spoken by Rev. Mr. Richards, of Sidney, and a prayer read by this writer, and the earthly form of our dear brother, laid in the cemetery at Sidney, Ohio.

"So he giveth his beloved sleep."

June 12. 1885.

I trust, that I may without egotism insert the commendatory notice of myself, taken from "The Methodist Protestant" of Aug. 3. 1892.

C. Caddy.

"The following is an abstract from a private
"letter from one of the oldest, and most cultured
"ministers in the Methodist Protestant Church —

"I have been think-
"ing a great deal lately about the future life. I fre-
"quently find myself mentally quoting the poetic
"couplet — 'In vain my fancy strives to paint,
The moment after death.'

"I will ever remember the brief conversation we
"had, immediately preceding the close of our
"Conference at Sabina. The conversation turned
"upon the meeting of friends, of loved ones in
"the ministry, and the sadness of separation. I
"remember you made the following remark —
"'If this life was all there was of it, it would be
"the greatest failure in the Universe.'
= Our friends,
"and loved ones depart, and we hear nothing
"more from them. Oh! how we long to know
"more of the future than we now know. This
"was the great desire of the Great and Good
"Stockton when on his death-bed. He said, 'Oh!
"how I long to know, and how my desires do
"increase to know things as they really are.' You
"will remember one of his sayings at the close
"of his life, viz: 'I am now approaching the time
"which of all others I have regarded as the
"most important — (over)

"It is now either extinction of being, or immortality—
" Philosophy says extinction,
" Infidelity says extinction
" Sense says extinction.
Or, the other hand—
" Faith says immortality
" Religion says immortality
" Christianity says immortality!

" Lord then, as a ray of light downed upon his
" soul, he exclaimed with enthusiasm—"I am
" going to see the Grandest thing in the Universe—
" the light of the Glory of God, shining in the face of
" Jesus Christ." I went last Sabbath afternoon to
" to see the Grave of my beloved Mary; but, of
" course there was no response. We must wait wait;
" wait. Oh! how much I desire stronger faith. On
" intelligent mother weeping over her dead child,
" as though her heart would break, cried out in
" a paroxysm of Grief—Oh! God, if there be a God
" reveal Thyself! and he revealed himself to
" her despondig soul, and she was satisfied.
" May we enjoy fully this grand revelation,
" and be satisfied. But these lines are the from-
" tings of an honest heart. May God bless
" you.—Amen. Charles Cadd."

Rev. William E. Stubbs,

Was born in the State of Delaware, in 1832, and died in the Parsonage, at Logansville: Logan County: Ohio, Oct. 22. 1863, in the 32nd year of his age. Our departed brother was deprived of parental guidance at an early age, and had to battle with the

adversities of life alone. In the 21st year of his age, he gave his heart to the Lord, and in the autumn of 1853, he was admitted to the Ministerance, in the Ohio Con. Meth. P. Church, at its business session in this City, (Cincinnati, I think,) and was appointed as Assistant preacher on Clarksburgh Ct. The following year, it was the good fortune of this writer, to have him as an Assistant on Sugar Creek Ct.

Feeling the importance of further improvement, he resolved to consumate his cherished desire, so, as to be more fully prepared for the high duties of the Christian ministry. And so, disposing of his horse, and some little effects, he started with a letter of introduction to the President of Madison College (Dr. J. Brown.)

While in College he made respectable progress in those branches of learning, which were necessary to qualify him more fully for the work of the ministry.

He finally returned to the regular work, and served successively the following Churches - Port-William - Jeffersonville - Uniopolis, and Miami. He was retained on Uniopolis Charge three years. While on Miami Charge, his health gave way - he resigned the charge, and in the parsonage at Lisonville, he

was to die. And so, about midnight, on the 22nd of October, 1863, the dying minister, addressed a brother (I think Bro. J. B. McKinnon) who stood near him, and said- "Do you think I am dying?" the brother replied, "I think you are- have you any message to leave behind?" he replied, "yes! tell my brethren, I love the Lord;- I love his word;- I love His church, and I have strong consolation in my Saviour."

And as calmly as the infant sinks to rest on its mother's bosom, so, our brother fell asleep in Jesus.

Of his worth and efficiency it is scarcely necessary to speak. To say that his pulpit ministrations, were clear, comprehensive and impressive, is no more than those who have heard him, are prepared to attest;

To say that he was perfectly reliable in any position of trust, is what this Conference (Ohio.) is fully aware. To say that he was a lover of his country, a patriot of the finest gold, deeply interested in the preservation of the American Union (Civil war, now going on) is what we personally know, and in all life's relations, he was a man, every inch a man. He leaves behind a wife, and one or two children. Farewell dear one until we meet again.

Isaac Plum.

One of the great difficulties of my ministerial life, has been to find the golden mean, in preaching funeral sermons, for those persons, with whom I have had a long and intimate acquaintance.

On such occasions, we are so liable to indulge in intemparate eulogy, on the one hand, or, to neglect to say what ought to be said, in reference to the departed one. We are governed, almost controled, by our personal prepossessions, and yet, at the same time, we may speak with a tolerable degree of confidence, of persons, with whose inner life, we have had as much knowledge, as it is possible for us to have, in this imperfect world.

The outlines of a personal history is soon told. We are here to-day, in the presence of the living and the dead. We are here to give an expression of our appreciation for one who has passed away, as we believe, to the beatiful beyond.

Isaac Plum, was born in west Virginia, Hampshire County, Jan. 5. 1806. Death visited the home of his youth, and removed a father from the family circle, when Isaac was about 14 years old. Soon after, a beloved mother, closed her eyes on all earthly

scenes. And so, like David and Jonathan of old, Isaac and Jonathan Plum were left in a state of orphanage. These brothers were united together in the closest bonds. They appeared to be one in thought in all business relations, and in Christianity as well. They loved each other tenderly, and when a few years ago, Jonathan lay upon his death-bed, and passed away, Isaac wept bitter tears, and could not be comforted. He came to Ohio in 1820, and settled in Clark County, where he remained until 1837, and then came to Logan County, and settled, (I believe) near Lewistown, the place where he died. He was married to Sarah J. Stanage, April 24, 1849, and passed from our presence the day before yesterday, Oct. 20, 1886, aged 80 years, 9 months, and 15 days. I do not know when he began his Christian career; but during my first pastorate on this Circuit (Miami Ct.) about 35 years ago, he was a member of the Lewistown Society. It is safe to say that he made an honorable record as a man of business. In this respect he never resorted to the low cunning, and trickery, which is so common among sharpers in trade. He wanted to be

an honest man. He was remarkable for Conscientiousness. Nothing would induce him to do what he thought wrong. Christianity with him, did not consist in occasional expressions of great piety: but with him, it was a grand principle embeded in the heart and conscience. In my last conversation with him, which was soon after the close of our Conference at Lewistown, (1886), he said that he was trying to trust in the Lord. Looking out of the door in the evening hour, when the sky was overcast with golden hues, he said, in substance "What a beautiful sunset sky." He leaves a beloved widow, who has been a subject of deep affliction for a long time. We trust she is looking beyond. She has a generous, large heart for all suffering ones.

How soon suffering, and bereaved families, if faithful, will enjoy a Grand re-union, in the beautiful home-land beyond.

The following memorial was delivered at the time of the burial of the subject, and is here written on account of the fact that she was identified with Meth. Protestantism in Cin. in the early days of Reform, and that she was co-temporary with my dear Mother, Step-father and relatives in the early days of our Church history. Recorded here from floating manuscript. — Ci Cadys. Sept. 10. 1892.

Margaret Woodruff.

I feel to-day, as if present at the funeral services of my own mother. The name of Margaret Woodruff, is identified, almost with the days of my youth. She was co-temporary with my own mother in Cincinnati in 1828, at the time of the dedication of the 6th. Street, Meth. Protestant Church. On the day of dedication by Rev. Asa Shinn, she united with the Church. But this was not the beginning of her Christian life. She became a Christian in the days of her early girlhood, while living in her own Vermont, amid the Green Mountains, and united with the Meth. E. Church. She was the daughter of Wm. Garey, & Margaret, his wife. Wm. Garey was born in Massachusetts, near Boston & her mother was an English lady.

Mother Woodruff, whose remains lies before us, was born in Vermont, Jan. 11. 1796. and past away, last Sabbath morning, so, if she had survived, a little over two months more, she would have completed her 90th. year. She was familiar with many of the old ministers of the Meth. connexion, as - James D. Langdon - Isaac Hunt - Martin Ruter - Truman Bishop - Nicholas Sneethen, and other prominent men. It was her recollection, that N. Sneethen, preached the first Meth. sermon in the State of Vermont, at her grand-mothers' house. She was a relative of the distinguished Harriett Newell, the first Missionary to India.

An Incident.

Just before Harriett started for India, the members of the Church and friends of the young missionary, concluded to make a missionary quilt, of patch-work, to present to the young lady, and my recollection is, that Sister Woodruff made one of those blocks of patchwork. So the missionary spirit was in our dear departed mother, from her girlhood

until her departure hence. She was married to Lewis Woodruff, March 19, 1818, and a few years ago, the companion of her youth, was taken from her, and I remember standing in this pulpit to perform the burial service, of that departed Christian, for I knew him well. (As well as I remember, the deaths of these venerable persons, was about 12 years apart.)

Sister Woodruff was a noble specimen of true, Christian womanhood, possessing a high grade of mental power, and a woman of positive convictions, and great force of character. Her religious life was of an elevated type. She had no sympathy with a loose, spasmodic profession. Her own life was regular, consistent and solid.

She was a Patriot of the finest gold, a lover of her country, the church, family & and friends, and above all her God. As her end drew near, her spiritual vision became intensified, and her memory in relation to spiritual things was quickened into a new life. A year or two ago, she read in

a news-paper, a spiritual song, in harmony with her experience, and, I was surprised to hear her repeat from memory, the entire song, of six verses, with eight lines in each verse, and this at almost 90 years old. I remember her enthusiasm, as she began the first verse —

"A little talk with Jesus
How it smooths the rugged road
How it seems to help me onward
When I faint beneath my load"
When my heart is crushed with sorrow
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him."

And then, after passing through the hymn, and coming to the last verse, what faith was intermingled with the utterance, as she continued —

So, I'll wait a little longer
'Till this appointed time,
And Glory in the Knowledge
That such a hope is mine
Then in my Fathers' dwelling,
Where many mansions be
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,
And He will talk with me.

Sister Woodruff was a woman of strong individuality, and personal independence. When the Steward of the Church made his report, she wanted her own name to appear with her contribution. In her latter days she had little desire to speak of temporal things — themes pertaining to this life appeared to weary her. But when the subject of Jesus and of Heaven was introduced, her countenance brightened, and her bounding soul would almost leap for joy.

She was connected with this Church (Meth. Epis.) for convenience sake, eight years, and was happy in her associations, highly appreciating its ministry and membership, showing to the world that although a true Methodist Protestant, she could for convenience sake, affiliate with another Christian Church, and love its membership as Christians in the Lord. Her sympathy went out to those who were away from Christ, and she longed for their salvation. Though feeble for a long time, her death at last was comparatively sudden. Last Saturday evening, she conversed with her sons, and was lifted from

her couch, and then laid back again in bed, and then expressed her thanks to God for another rest. The hours of the night pass — all is silent, and a Holy Quiet reigns around, and just as day began to dawn — a Sabbath of rest, with scarcely a movement — suddenly, as when a cloud glides o'er the silver moon, the lamp of life went out. One of her sons, who was sleeping in the same apartment, walked noiselessly across the chamber to his mother's bed — looked in her face; but the spirit had fled.

So, the Sabbath day was spent in that Paradise of beauty, toward which all Christians are tending.

"Farewell — Mother Woodruff; until we meet again. Rest with the Saviour — 'So he giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Recollections — Lorenzo Dow.

The following was published in the Meth. Recorder of date Sept. 10. 1892, Vol. 53.

By C. Caddy.

The first time I saw this singular man was in my native city, Philadelphia, Pa, In my boyhood days we lived in Kensington

a suburb of the city, and Lorenzo was to preach in a Presbyterian Church near by. The large church was crowded with hearers, for he was then very popular. Several persons went out during the service, and he paused, and said, "I think no one else will go out, except it be tag-rag, and bobtail." I presume this was the origen of that common vulgarism.

I think his wife Peggy was with him, though of this, I am not certain; but it is safe to say that she was as queer in her ways as her husband. The singular courtship between them would be an evidence of this. As he stood in the pulpit, he had on a sailor jacket, with brass buttons, quite close together, with long hair and beard. After our removal to the west, I heard him in Cincinnati, in the old Bunk, erected for Rev. Wm. Burk, an old and distinguished minister in the Meth. Epis. Church, the associate of Sneethen, Shinn, and other leading ministers. Mr. Burk was, for a time, isolated from the parent body, but in after years, was again identified with the mother Church, and died in her communion. He passed to his rest above at his home in Cincinnati, and it fell to the lot of the writer to conduct religious services at the house prior to the burial, the latter being then pastor of the 6th St. Meth. Prot. Church in that city, subsequently a memorial sermon was spoken by a life-long friend

of the deceased, Rev. Mr. Schon, founded upon the words, "and Enoch walked with God three hundred years, and was not, for God took him".

The third time the writer heard Mr. Dow was in a small town in Ohio. It was an evening service. Perhaps a half dozen of us were on the way, I think, to a school house, Mr. Dow in company. By the aid of an old-fashioned tin lantern, with slits all around to let the light through, we reached the place. A small boy in the company, said to Mr. Dow, "Why do you wear such a long beard?" The simple reply was, - "So that the people will look at me!" The writer heard him again in Pittsburgh, Pa. Before leaving the city he was seen walking with a measured step along the quay, apparently looking for a steamer on which to embark. He was a tall man, over six feet, I judge, dressed in a fine suit of black cloth, made in antiquated style, a spike-tail, or claw-hammer coat as some are wont to call it, and the legs of his pantaloons quite close-fitting around the ankles revealing prominent and permanent understanding. His facial expression was a revelation of strong character. His eyes small, but remarkably bright, looking out

from beneath heavy eyebrows, and a close observer could not fail to see in the strong lines of his face, a severely thoughtful expression, a man of more than ordinary mental power. At this distance of time, it appears to the writer, that his sermons were not in the regular order of sermonic arrangement, and yet they were replete with strong thought, and startling exclamations. He was constantly inclined to say something that no one else would think of saying. Some of his historical references would have been justly subject to criticism.

His theology was, we think, in harmony with scriptural statement. His unselfishness was proverbial. When collections were taken for him, and sometimes they were large, he would take what answered his present demand, and order the ballance given to the poor. Some of the anecdotes related of him, were, doubtless, manufactured articles, while some of them were true. He was a special friend of Andrew Jackson, and it is said, that with his wife, he visited at the Hermitage.

Before reaching the house he obtained a hickory stick, and made a little ball of clay, and put it on the bottom of the stick, and fastened

and fastened a sprig of mother-wort in the middle, and surmounted it with a hickory twig. He approached the General, and said—"Here is Clay at the bottom, and Wirt in the middle, and old hickory, triumphant above them all," "I make you acquainted with my wife Peggy." Clay, Wirt and Jackson were then prominent in the councils of the nation. He was unsparing in his rebukes, irrespective of persons. It is said that just before his death, he left his sick bed, and went to Washington, D. C, to administer a rebuke to Gen. Jackson, then President of the United States, for vetoing the United States Bank, and the subsequent removal of the deposites. He thought it would bring distress upon the nation. The wisdom of that measure was a subject upon which wise men differed. He returned to his home, lay down upon his death-bed, and closed his arduous life-work.

He was born Oct. 16. 1777, in Coventry—State of Connecticut, and died in Georgetown, D. C, Feb. 2, 1834, and I think, I am not mistaken in saying that Thomas H. Stockton, delivered the funeral address. I know not what others may think, but it is the opinion of the writer, that he was a special messenger sent into this world for a special purpose. It would not be difficult to

endorse the words from the Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, viz:—"It is probable that more persons have heard the Gospel from his lips, than from any other since the days of Whitfield." When I commenced this sketch, I had several prominent persons; but I must stop right here, with the statement, that in writing of events which occured in the long ago, it would not be marvelous if slight inaccuracies; would occur; but while not aware of any defect in this connection, the principle facts noted down are correct. The items as given were packed away in one of the chambers of my soul, and I went in, and gathered them up, and have written them on this beautiful white sheet of paper.

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Lima, Ohio.

Rev. John M. Young,

By C. Caddy.

The name of John M. Young, has been identified with my thought, and Memory, from the early days of my itinerant life, down through the changing years, to the present time.

From the year 1838*, the time of my regular entrance into the Pittsburgh Conference, down to the year 1848, the time of my entrance into this (Ohio) Conference, 36 years ago,

*. I served Woodfield Circuit 4 months previously under the President, Rev. C. Springer.

I noticed with interest, the name of bro. Young standing prominently out upon the minutes of this (Ohio) Conference, as one of its leading ministers, and successful laborers. During these years I had never seen his face, but once. My first appointment in the Ohio Con. Meth. Prot. Church was Gilboa Circuit, and bro. Young was serving Maumee Mission. We exchanged, he assisting me in Gilboa and at the close of my meeting, I accompanied him across the Black Swamp, to the Maumee river which we forded, and on to Texas, in Lucas County, Ohio, the place of his meeting.

It was held in a Barn, and we stood in a wagon, and preached to the masses inside the Barn, and out. It fell to my lot to preach in the forenoon, and Br. Young in the afternoon to the unconverted, from the text—"Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee" Job. XXXVI. 18. It was a thrilling discourse, delivered with wonderful force, and sympathy.

I was much impressed with the cheerful, sunny spirit of our brother. His presence was like a ray of sunlight to the soul. Especially was his presence a benediction to the disconsolate, and sorrowing ones. I may mention an incident during the meeting referred to, we were entertained at the home of an intelligent Christian lady

of the Presbyterian Church, by the name of Durbin. As we were sitting in the parlor, the lady was requested to give us a little music upon the piano. As soon as the request was made, she began to weep. As soon as she became calm, she explained the cause of her emotion.

She said that a few weeks before, she lost a little boy, and that he was laid out upon that instrument, and that she had not touched its keys since. Br. Young said "Now Sister just change the association. When you touch those keys, and make music on earth, remember that your little Henry is singing the songs of the redeemed, in that beautiful Paradise home beyond."

In the summer of 1858, he was on his way to the distant west, and passed through Cincinnati, and remained in the city over Sabbath. It was at the time of my official visit to the 6th St Meth. Prot. Church, and I prepared and gave him his transfer papers. On Sabbath afternoon, a general class meeting was held, at which bro. Young gave his experience in a very affecting and impressive manner. He refered in a very tender way, to the change he was making—that he was about to leave the old field of his

I itinerant staid, and try his fortune in the west. All hearts were moved, and all eyes suffused with tears. Amid these expressions of sorrow at parting with bro. Young, and joy at the prospect of a re-union, bro. Ogden (now gone to his reward) sat in the rear of the Church, and said, with much emotion — "Br. Young, you will not be forgotten." It was a memorable scene.

He went to the west, and as far as we know, his ministry was a success there. He has now passed away, as we believe, to that beautiful home above, and if we are so fortunate, through Grace, to reach that home of happiness, I believe, we will see bro. John M. Young, intermingling with the saints of God.

I sometimes neglect to note dates; but my recollection is this, that the above was spoken by me at an Annual Con. in Springfield, Ohio 6 or 7 years ago. It is copied from an old Manuscript, dated Sept. 12, 1884.

The following article was published in the Methodist Recorder, under date, Oct 15, 1892,

Impressions, Musings and Associations.

By C. Cadzy.

In the solitude of my chamber, while the hands of the clock are near the midnight hour, I sit alone, an invalid indeed. I am having a severe attack of indigestion, and loss of the vital element, which renders it impossible for me to walk but a few steps at once. In addition to this, sleep has left me, in the cold isolation of a sleepless invalid.

With all these disabilities, there are so many beautiful things around me, and so many current interests that awaken thought, I must write, even if ever so little.

The Ohio Conference at Forest, Ohio, was a profitable one, and remarkable for several things. First - while in recent years, we have mourned over the depletion of our ministerial ranks by death, during the past Conference year, the unseen hand has kept the destroyer away, and our ministry have been preserved. Thank the Lord for that.

In the next place there was so much harmony during the sessions. See! After an earnest and forcible opening sermon by the zealous, Rev. W. F. Elliott the Conference offices were elected by acclamation, something I never knew done before except in one instance a few years ago, when our Conference was held on the Coil Camp ground, our

much lamented, and dearly beloved brother, C. S. Evans, the model Chairman, received that honor, but the shadow fell while it was yet day.

Rev. J. F. Henkle was re-elected President. His efficient administration in the past, and earnestness in all General interests, and his genial ways, rendered the honor appropriate, and so when his name was announced for re-election, who could refuse to say, Yea? And, when the ever ready, wide awake Garrison, and the sweet singing Mossers names were announced for re-election as Secretaries, who could refuse from saying, Yea, again.

My home during Conference was with Mrs. Josiah Smith, an intelligent lady, whom I have known more than a quarter of a century, and who, by the way, has written a neat volume of two hundred and twenty-six pages, bearing the unique title of Gretta Alone. The beautiful pictures in this volume, sketched by her delicate pen, give evidence that a genius, capable of such rich pencillings in the development of character, ought to have been exercised earlier in life. She is comfortably situated with her excellent sister, Lizzie Mansfield, in their Forest home.

On Sabbath morning, we had an excellent sermon from Rev. A. L. Reynolds. I do not think that he ever preached, or will ever preach a better one. It was full not only, of thought, but of tender pathos, and full of heavenly evangelism. Souls were moved because the preacher was moved, and the preacher was moved because the Spirit of God, like a flame from the heaven, moved him. May God bless him forever, Amen.

I was not present at all the services; but had a favorable report of a sermon from Br. T. B. Graham, whose pulpit work is always interesting and inspiring. I forgot to mention, that at the close of Bro. Reynold's sermon, a young man, Rev. L. C. Kline was ordained an elder in the Church of God. May he be a faithful watchman.

On Sabbath evening we had an excellent sermon from Sister Springer Oliver. I knew this lady in her girlhood days, and many, for years past, have heard the blessed Gospel from her lips. Her father Rev. Israel Thrap, was my special friend, whose memory is embalmed within my heart. The present generation of preachers will never know of the ability of Israel Thrap in his palmy days. In the judgment of this writer, the comprehensive and logical eloquence enforced by spiritual power, as heard from the lips of Israel Thrap, has seldom been surpassed. No wonder that the Rev. Dr. John Burns, spoke of him as "the preacher."

Then we missed the genial presence, gifted sermons and interesting addresses of Bro. J. T. Tapp. Being now elevated to a very responsible position in our beloved Zion, we believe he has carried with him the spirit of true manhood, and will be found entirely worthy of the confidence of his brethren. May God bless him.

Then again we were favored with the presence of Rev. T. W. Kidd and lady. More than a quarter of a century ago he was a valuable member of the Ohio Conference, and received a transfer to a western one, and is now an honored member of North Illinois Conference, and

resident at Natrona, Mason County, Illinois
Sister Kidd is a licenced preacher, educated,
talented, and deeply spiritual, which is better
than all. She is a twin sister of Mrs. Josiah Smith.

Musings.

In the quietude of a recent September afternoon,
sitting in front of my humble home, wrapped
in the solitude of personal thought, the sun threw
a pale and feeble lustre upon the faded foliage
scattered around. The sunlight, though feeble,
was tinged with a golden hue. The teachers' in-
stitute was in session in the large school building
near by. From the third story window, the
voice of Christian song came floating down through
the golden-tinted sunlight, touching the evergreen
branches, and withered leaves, as it were, by the
finger of God, transforming all nature into a
thing of beauty, and eliminating every crude
element from material things. All nature was
touched with the golden glow of immortality,
and the glory of God came down, and with its
fingers of light, touched the globe, and changed all
from the earthly to the heavenly. Is it surprising
that we thought of the statement that when the
"Hallelujah Chorus" came to Handel, he cried out
in ecstacies, "All heaven was before me, and I
have seen God." Now, a fact stated, and a crit-
icism noted, I was not asleep, but fully awake.
You say, it was a beautiful immagination, though
not admitted, suppose it was even so, what a glo-
rious revelation, and if only imaginary, what must
the reality be?

Re-union of the Kidds.

In 1832 William Kidd, Sr, with his family of seven children—six sons and one daughter—moved from Washington County, Ohio, and found a home in Allen County, near Rockport, Ohio. The children grew to maturity, and all married, except one brother, who died in early life. Two brothers, Thomas and Ezra, have since passed away.

The youngest brother was married forty-three years ago, and for twenty-five years has been living in the west. After a separation of twenty years, this brother and Rev. J. W. Kidd and wife came to Ohio to visit the old home. On Friday, Sept. 9, 1892, there was a reunion of the Kidd family, at the beautiful home of Mr. John Vanmeter, near Rockport, Ohio. The day was fine when these relatives came together. The original family consists of three brothers, and one sister, viz: Nathan, William, Rev. J. W. Kidd, and Mary Lippincott.

There were eighty-four relatives present, and more than a hundred in all. Two sisters of Rev. Mr. Kidd were present, both good and true, one of whom Mrs. L. Wood, of Kirkwood, is remarkable for energy in all church activities.

It was a happy day in the history of this long separated family. The reunion dinner was a superb affair, as might be expected in that rich farming country. Then the occasion was inspiring on account of the rich strains of music, both vocal and instrumental, conducted by the Lippincott brothers.

An artist present photographed the happy company, embracing four generations. May the happy group be photographed on one of the fair leaves in the "book of life."

Lima, Ohio.

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